

THE  
DARK BLUE.

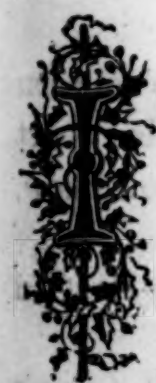
AUGUST, 1872.

JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.

AN IMAGINATIVE STUDY OF CREEDS.

IN SIX DIVISIONS.

DIVISION VI.



ISRAEL rushed into the street ; the rain was coming down in torrents ; but no rain would have affected the young Jew's hot blood then. The rain poured down ; Israel walked on with a rapid pace, almost wishing the elements would crush or exhaust him. Drenched and shivering, he reached the hotel ; there, in a doorway next to it, were two boys, crouching together :

'Please, sir, he has found us,' they both called out ; 'oh ! sir, he'll come and fetch us.'

'Whom do you mean ?' said Israel, still mentally benumbed by the shock he had suffered.

'Our father. He'll knock us about, and take our clothes away ; you'll see, sir. Oh ! don't give us up.'

'Come in, this instant.' They entered the hotel, where by little and little everyone was beginning to look upon the great Eastern Jew as a moral curiosity.

'Dry clothes?' was all Israel said. The smile vanished from the waiter's lips at the tone of the words, and he hastened to obey the order.

It was well Israel had something to call away his attention from himself, or his nervous system might have become deranged. What was this Western World—this great civilisation, this astounding finery in

the parks, the opera, and the homes he had visited—when a father of high rank gave his daughters to the highest bidder, and another parent, of low rank, robbed and beat his children? Where should he find the great expectations he had had, realised? In the charitable institutions, of which he had heard so much? 'But wherever there is need of much social charity, much social injustice must have existed before,' thought Israel.

He ordered some food for the boys, and sent them to bed, for he felt he must be left alone.

The youngest of the lads, a remarkably intelligent-looking little fellow, went up to him:

'Wouldn't it be wrong, now, if you let father catch us?'

'Why should you be so much afraid of it?'

'Because father never was good to us. Why don't the police take boys away from bad fathers? they only teach 'em to beg and steal, as ours does. What's the good to have a father if he don't make a good boy of you? Now, if you turn us off, sir, we shall be on the streets again, and go to the dogs.'

Israel unconsciously stroked the boy's curly hair. The very touch of kindness seemed to affect the vagrant child to tears; he broke out into sobs:

'Oh, sir, have pity on us poor wretches; just think how we've been brought up; and it is so nice to be with good people, who don't get drunk, and swear, and steal, and rob. Don't send us away; you know, sir, mother is dead!'

'No one shall take you away; go to bed, my boys, and pray to God for me.'

'That we will, only we'll have to find out what to say. But won't He understand us anyhow, sir?'

'Anyhow, my boys, even if you only think of Him.'

The boys went, drying their tears.

The rain had ceased, the summer evening was bright and cool. Israel drew up the venetian-blind and stepped out to breathe the fresh, moist air. Before him lay the lovely panorama of the shadowy park, lit up by rows of gas lamps; below him was the active life of the great metropolis. A great well of tenderness had been opened in his breast for all mankind—he could have stretched out his arms to those other beings that inhabit the earth with him, and cried out with the voice of the seer and the prophet:—'Oh, let us be brothers and sisters, we that inhabit one home in a larger sense! Is our beautiful planet merely a place for strife and struggles? Can no higher unity and harmony exist here? Is the grand preaching of Him whose feet rested on Palestine never to be understood? Shall we ever be successful only when we tread on somebody else's interests? Must the rich be luxurious, and the poor needy?'



What is virtue if its existence must be built on the loss and vice of others? Is it not possible to let all share in the beauty of existence; let all have some gratification of holy desires; let all be children of one great universal Father and God? Must there be waste among us; one brother lost, one sister lost, the other gained—oh, why is the lost one worse than the gained one,—are they not all God's children? I cannot see it; I can find no difference. Can man ever understand that *he* must help to save those that are of one flesh and blood with him?' Israel looked down into the street; there, near the opposite lamp-post, was a man looking up at the house. Who could he be? Israel had forgotten the father of the boys, and did not think of him then.

Again he looked out into the scene before him—'How had he come here? What had his life been? What desires and ideas had animated him since childhood? Had he been different to other men? Brought up without parental care, endowed with an imaginative temperament, had he not rather isolated himself from man and society to plunge into the vortex of life's passions, when his own inner nature was formed and could no longer be changed? To him all around seemed strange in this life of western Europe. There seemed harmony wanting, equal development. It seemed a striving mass of humanity—who should be richest, highest, best; in fact, who should be most successful and leave most behind! It became evident to him that he must here be misunderstood, for he could not comprehend the desire to be in comfort while others were miserable.

For awhile Israel's thoughts had drifted away from that all-engrossing new subject—his love for Lady Gertrude—but suddenly her image appeared before him, as she had looked up at him from below. The mighty longing of a human soul for its mate came over his spirits; enticing, charming, bewildering, ah, maddening, appeared that youthful figure, there, right before his eyes. He stretched out his hands, he wanted to play with those wavy masses of hair, he wanted to caress those rosy fingers, draw to him that sweet form, ah, imprint a kiss upon those smiling, charming lips!—ah, horror! the lovely image turned from him, declaring it detested him for—his money.

Big tear-drops welled up into Israel's eyes; slowly they rolled down his cheeks—he felt it and knew it, *that* aversion could not be overcome. Lady Gertrude, had she gone as far as the altar, would from it have turned a mad woman; something had evidently so deeply impressed her that money and marriage suited not each other, when the first became merely a purchaser of the latter, that nothing, not even her own great nascent love for Israel, could overcome this impression.

Slowly and surely there crept over Israel a sense of loss, the life-long

loss of sympathy and love ; hope vanished, desire disappeared, and gaunt, crushing despair looked him in the face. 'She is gone, there is no hope,'—sounded those inner words ; 'What hast thou to do here longer ? Go from this civilised world that has other aims than thine, and return from whence thou camest, taking with thee the remembrance of one sweet image.' There and then Israel determined to pass but once more through London streets, and bid adieu to the Christian western world, of which, whatever was great, good, and harmonious, he had but seen one side, the money side ; this jarred against his inner being, it had made him fly from his Jewish relatives at Naples, had nearly lost him his life with the gipsies in Spain, embittered even the cup of kindness in the convent ; shown him the distorted images of vicious men and unchaste women in Paris, disfigured the grand faith of the old Jew in Frankfort, and here, in England, robbed him of the only woman he could have intensely loved ! Love and over-value of money showed him a neglected population in this powerful land, and a selfish desire for gain, gain, gain ; ah, even a brutalising tendency over the higher and finer feelings of humanity. 'Then, if I must bear the curse of this wealth, I'll bear it where it will not follow me abroad and crush me at home, I'll bear it in humility and loneliness on Mount Olivet, remembering Him who overturned the money-tables, preaching the while a pure humanity and a living faith in God !' So soliloquised Israel at last ; his power was spent, the pretty panorama of the park and street became duller, dusky clouds again shifted along overhead, and Israel withdrew from the balcony, finding by one last look into the street that the same man was still staring up at the house.

Exhausted and spent, Israel threw himself on his couch, without undressing ; he cared not for the minor concerns of his own person. He heard the even breathing of the vagrant boys from the next room ; he almost envied them their helplessness and poverty. Sleep did at last close his eyes, to re-produce in the brain—unguided by the corrective power of the senses—the same images : dreams of Lady Gertrude, surrounded by big money-bags, that finally crushed her.

Morning will come, and morning does come, however our own individual nature may wish darkness to remain on the world, that we might hide our sorrow and trouble under its cloak. A bright, joyous morning came, and woke Israel from his fitful sleep. Oh ! the big sense of loneliness that overcame him, as the sun flooded the room with light, and lit up every nook and corner of it. Could he but have been annihilated that moment ! Was that his religion ? What makes suicides ! What feelings must actually predominate that we should terminate existence ? Powerlessness. As long as power exists, hope exists—and hope is the vital spring of life.



Israel took a bath, dressed, and went out. Strange ! a man seemed hanging about the house, like the one who had stood opposite, at the lamp-post, last evening. He excited Israel's attention ; but his mood was not then to speak to anyone, so he let him pass. Into the Park wandered the young Jew, to ruminate there. How many sorrow-laden hearts do not wander into that Park, there to ease their troubles !

Israel called the boys, who dressed, and came to him. By that time the post arrived ; two letters for Mons. Israel Torriano, one in a neat French lady's hand, the other in a sprawling coarse hand. Israel opened the former :

‘Monsieur,—Mon mari m'a dit que vous êtes à présent à Londres, votre cousin m'a donne votre adresse, moi je suis seule. En me conseillant d'aller vous voir, mon mari, m'a quittée pour se débarrasser de moi et pour faire un grand tour en Amérique. Savez-vous ce que j'ai fait ? D'enfants je n'ai pas, ainsi me-rappelant votre bonté, votre esprit chrétien, votre générosité, j'ai pensé en faire autant ; me voici sœur de charité dans une société nouvelle ou on invite même les mauvais sujets à'entrer. Ma vie frivole est derrière moi, je soignerai celles qui sont tombées pas par leur faute peut-être, mais par celle des femmes vertueuses, que se tiennent au dessus de leurs sœurs, parqu'elles mêmes ne furent pas tentées ; ou qui sont tombées par la faute des hommes qui nous regardent comme créés pour eux afin d'en faire ce qu'ils veulent.

‘J'ai gardé votre photographie ; quand mon pauvre cœur fainéant manquera de courage, je la regarderai pour me lever à votre hauteur d'esprit. Ah ! Monsieur, je n'avais ni éducation, ni religion, ni mariage dans le plus haut sens ; que voulez vous je suis devenue, ce qu'on devient ici. Le bon Dieu me pardonne, d'ici, de ma petite cellule je ne sortirai plus pour le monde.

‘SŒUR CÉCILE, Société Primaire.’

Poor Countess ! she had found rest and refuge where those often seek it who have missed the straight road because no one ever led them towards it. Israel heard again that chanson of Béranger's. Just now there was sweetness in that recollection ; Israel was becoming more and more lenient ; he began to feel his own weakness, and pardoned the Countess her faulty morality. The erring sheep was hiding its face from the censorious crowd. Sœur Cécile would be talked about, pitied for her folly in becoming sœur-de charité, and forgotten—*certainly* by her husband, *perhaps* by her admirers and lovers.

The letter with the sprawling address was opened—from Pedro ! Israel sprang up to read it :

‘Maestro mio,—I am in Paris, and I know where she is ; she escaped from the gipsies, and went into the convent where you were nursed. I had told them in the convent about her ; I had made efforts to communicate with her without your knowing it. I had advised her if they wanted to force her away to come to us. She had been removed for safety to another tribe nearer the mountains, and from them she ran away before they could get her, on leaving Spain for Ungaria. Miserable and ill, she came one day to the convent ; there she is ; there she waits for me—for her brother—now grown, now nearly a young man ; perhaps one day her lover, her husband. You, señor, despised our gipsy-queen, our Zillah—I shall adore her ; the world is dark without her, the sky is black, the sun red and glaring, the moon white and cold, the stars dull. Greater than all is my Zillah. You loved not poor Pedro, for you took to others—foreign beggars. You loved not sweet Zillah, for I know you cut your hand to break through the glass for one look at the foreign woman. But we, poor gentiles, poor gipsies—we shall be more faithful. We shall sit on the knoll, and think of you and the great Nazarene teacher ; we shall repeat your words, and never forget that you, señor, taught us to be forgiving. Zillah would have been yours, señor ; she will be mine now, I know ; they dare not fetch her from Malaga. There I shall be able to earn my bread honestly, and Zillah will share it ; *now* my sister, perhaps one day my bride.

‘Forgive me that I ran away ; I took but the money you gave me. Had I not gone I should have strangled those brats ; no teaching could have held me back, for I adored you, maestro, and the tears come into my eyes when I think of you. Zillah and I will often weep together, for the sweet words of our teacher changed our souls. Oh ! had they come earlier they would have made me quite good ; as it was, I escaped when temptation came to me through my jealous feelings.

Dear señor, go, teach more ; oh, teach all the world how the Nazarene loved it and died for it, and how the world does not know it, but goes on all the same—no kindness, no pity. Dear maestro, don’t despise poor jealous Pedro, he loved you in his fashion ; and, for Zillah’s sake, he will love you ever and ever !

‘I am now going, quick, quick to her. I found the letter from the convent with my friend, who has helped me to write this.

‘Addio, addio, addio,

‘PEDRO ZADILLO.

‘I shall take a present to the convent from you.’

Pedro’s nature vacillated still, the jealous blood would not be quelled ; but Pedro would anyhow not again fall back into dishonesty. So much Israel knew. It was almost pitiful to see the lad’s striving for goodness,



and to read his wish that the world should follow the Nazarene's teaching, yet in the same lines trace the desire for revenge on the boys, who, Pedro thought, shared his master's affection. It was wrong to expect that the wild tendrils of years of neglect would be brought into the right direction instantaneously. Man, with his complex organisation, must be *trained* to the harmonious comprehension of his duties to his fellows.

The boys seemed restless and shy, as if they feared something; they ate little at their breakfast, and were disinclined to leave Israel's side. Cards, letters of invitation, congratulations at his arrival, had been pouring in since the previous day; all were put aside as useless. Israel rose from his meal unrefreshed; the morning's brightness filled every corner of the room, and almost marked the terrible sadness of his soul. He walked up and down, he stood before the window, he heard the bustle in the street; he could stand it no longer, he *must* know once more if Lady Gertrude would see him or not. A grand, fierce, uncontrollable desire took hold of him not to lose that anchor in his life so easily, not to give up the woman he loved for gold, not to renounce man's right to his mate like a coward! He looked at his dress, warned the boys to wait for him there, and was off. He ran, as it were, to the Earl's house; he arrived breathless. A carriage was at the steps, a plain, sombre carriage. He knocked. 'Can I see Lady Gertrude this morning? Say it is Mons. Torriano, and that he *must* see her.' His great eyes swam in fire, his nostrils were extended like a noble beast's that is to lose his young; the porter almost recoiled from him.

'Please sir, poor Lady Gertrude is very ill, dangerously ill; she knows no one, not even her father, the Earl. The doctor is here, for her ladyship is delirious; didn't you see the blinds down up stairs? But here comes her maid.'

A decent looking woman approached them, saying: 'Oh, sir, if you are Mons. Torriano, Lady Gertrude raves about you: she calls you to her and drives you off every two minutes. It is piteous to see her; oh, it is dreadful to hear her scream out against money, and human slaves, and buying women, and all that, and wish for the grave. She was so good, so kind, so happy but a little while ago, and we servants adored her. 'What have you done to her? The Earl is quite mad, he would let her marry anyone now, but the doctor says it is too late. He fears the worst.'

Israel stared at the maid; he glared round him; he could not understand this heart-breaking among human beings, he *could* not realise the awful consequences of our crooked thoughtless civilisation. At that moment a loud shriek rent the air.

'Oh, let me go, I must fly to her; she is screaming again.'

Those the shrieks of his Gertrude; *that* the lovely fresh girl he had

met at the Frankfort station, nursing the wounded street child? No, no—it was all a dream, a terrible nightmare. He was not there in her father's hall, he was away. Another shriek, a third. Israel could not bear it; he fell down on the man's seat and sobbed, sobbed, sobbed, the great broken sobs of a human heart, that wants to tear its heartstrings from the earth, from false humanity, from the idle world, that wants to be given back to its maker—for peace. Weary at last, he laid his head on his arm to gain quiet. The porter wiped his eyes. 'Poor, poor young things, what an awful thing for the Earl to hinder 'em. Poor things, why isn't they poor in pocket, then nobody would mind,' mumbled the porter.

The shrieks had ceased, perfect quiet reigned in the house, not a sound was heard, but now and then the shutting of a door. Israel was about to leave, when footsteps were descending the stairs; he looked up, it was the Earl and another gentleman. The two confronted each other, the Earl came towards the young man, livid with rage. 'Begone, Jew, you have driven my child mad with your fantastical ideas. Who asked your money? Not I! Go this moment; be off; or, so help me Heaven, I shall not keep my hands off you, old as I am.' The old man shook in every limb, the doctor stepped forward, but was pushed back, and, with threatening fist, the Earl went closer up to Israel. 'Begone, I tell you; turn him out, porter.'

Israel held up his hands to his head; was he going mad too? *That* her father, that the doctor; where was he? Oh, let him fly, fly from so much wrong and misery; he could not help her then. He moved his lips in an inarticulate way, and sprang to the door; in an instant he was out of the house.

'Oh, the coward!' sneered the Earl; he did not understand the greatness that made Israel go.

The young Jew stormed rather back than he walked; wherever should he find rest again? As he neared the hotel he saw a crowd; he approached, he looked about him. His boys were there, clinging to the lamp-post, while the same man whom he had seen the night before, was trying to drag them away, and a policeman stood by, looking on with the rest.

'What is this?' asked Israel, sternly.

'Oh, sir! please, sir! dear sir! it's father, come to fetch us.' And both boys tried to rush to Israel.

'How dare you touch the children?'

'They are mine by right—I am their father, and they shall come home.'

'Oh! no, sir!' cried the children, 'don't let us go; he'll take the clothes, and sell 'em, and we shall be naked. And he'll send us out to beg, sell matches, and take what we can get. Oh, sir! don't!'



'Let them go this instant!' roared Israel.

'He has a right—he's the parent,' some one cried. 'He hasn't—he's a lazy brute,' came from another. 'Why don't ye interfere, perliceman?' called a third. 'Come now, let 'em go with the gent; he'll give ye some coin,' a fourth said, to the man.

'I'll have none of it,' rejoined the father—'none of it. They's my brats, and they shall remain my brats, to do with as *I* likes and as the law allows. Suppose I chose to make them beggars, why shouldn't I? They's my flesh and blood, and my property. Come along boys, out of this row. I won't even take chink from the fine chap; I'll have my property.'

The man once more dragged uncouthly at the boys, one by the sleeve, one by the hair.

'Let go!' sounded from a hoarse throat—it was Israel's. 'Let go those children, you wretch! or——'

The man took no notice; he tore at the children. 'Let go!' resounded once more in a terrible voice, and down came from that towering, maddened figure of a man, a blow—a blow of Moses—a blow to protect the helpless weak from the strong. Israel gave the blow—the man fell with a heavy thud, striking his head against the pavement, and lay sprawling in the roadway.

'I told ye to interfere, perliceman; it'll be too late now.'

They rushed to him; they bent over him; they lifted and dragged him up; like lead he fell back—the man was dead! They shook him again, they felt him all over—no use, the man was dead! Then sounded screams. 'Send for a doctor!'—some hurried off; others, 'Sound your rattle!'—the policeman sounded his rattle. 'Take the gent in charge, and the boys, too!' They looked round—Israel and the boys were gone. No one had seen them leave.

'I believe they belongs to the hotel there—the big place.'

Some men ran there. 'The gent here 'as killed a man, father of the boys?'

'Don't know what you mean,' said the waiter.

'Soon will know; there comes the Inspector.'

The posse now came up, but no Israel was found.

'Shall soon have him, he can't escape,' said the inspector, sententiously, passing through the crowd, and giving orders to have the body removed on the stretcher.

As people passed, asking what was the matter, they had the answer:

'A gent killed a man, to rob him of his boys; funny, isn't it? Lord bless us, what don't ye see in this world of our'n.'

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Israel and the boys came panting to Baron Torriano's house, who was

just ready to leave for the city, about to make a call on his cousin. Israel's pale face, the boy's scared countenances, said that something was wrong. The Baron quickly led them in.

'What is it, cousin? quick, I know it is urgent, my extra sense tells it me; quick.'

'I have killed a man, I believe; the father of the boys. Is it my fault or society's? I don't know. Cousin, let me go, I cannot go to prison. Let me go; *He* will judge me. Take care of the boys, promise that. Moses shall send money for them. Oh, let me go. Lady Gertrude is mad, and I a murderer; can misery go further? Let me go, I tell you.'

A few words from the Baron to his private secretary, a roll of bank notes placed into his hand, Israel quickly wrapped in a large overcoat, pushed into the waiting brougham with the secretary—off they went. The boys as quickly taken away by the confidential servant in a cab, and all is still. A heavy knock at the door. Enter inspector and policeman, wish to see Baron Torriano. The Baron appears, begs a few minutes private conversation, denies his cousin to have been there, though they may have directed the inspector so at the hotel; believes Mons. Torriano has rushed elsewhere, should think was scouring the parks; says something *very confidentially*, gives some hints, and dismisses the inspector very much quieted indeed. That whole day search is made, and in vain. The secretary took a steamer just leaving at St. Katherine's Dock; no rail was the Baron's advice; the two arrived in Holland. Here Israel was placed in a vessel trading to the Mediterranean. He had somewhat recovered from the stunning effects of the last scenes, and could be left to take care of himself. The secretary returned home; the affair had made a noise; Israel had not been found; detectives had been to Paris without result, on the Baron's instigation; the coroner had found 'Death to have resulted from congestion of the brain, accelerated by a blow given by a foreign gentleman.' The matter was talked about. 'Foolish, he didn't stand his ground; he would have been got off somehow,' said the wiseacres, not knowing that Israel would not have understood being got off. He preferred a life-long exile from a world with which he was not able to agree.

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In Naples, a sweet woman, dressed quietly and handsomely, is known as 'La Signora;' she ministers unto all. Her father, rich Jacob Torriano, died of apoplexy, leaving his daughter, Rebecca, sole inheritor of his fortune. This fortune provides for hundreds; Christians and Jews are alike to 'La Signora.' Not unreasonably she bestows her gifts, but furthers every good work, lightens every sorrow, brings her soft voice and classical face to every door. 'La Signora' became in a couple of



months the adored goddess of the poor and needy, the helper of all. In the evening, when the glow of the sunset is on the gulf, and you can see Mount Vesuvius in the distance pointing into the clouds, 'La Signora' sits at her window singing her Hebrew songs to her harp, old Sarah behind her wiping her tears. Israel is freely mentioned between them; no reticence is used, for the true peace has reached Rebecca's heart; the peace that passes all understanding, the peace that has put away '*passion*.' When Rebecca heard Israel's fate, she covered her face and wept heavy sorrowing tears.

'Shall we find him?' said Sarah.

'No,' Rebecca shook her head. 'He has loved another. I would *my* love were not tried again, but died, as it has nearly done, a virgin death. I cannot comfort him, as he will be comforted by the companionship of his *own* faith; let him be, God will grant him a resting place.'

Many were the suitors that turned from Rebecca's door.

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A few months after Israel's sudden escape from London, a pale English lady, with cropped hair, applied at St. Mary's for entrance as hospital nurse. She had not long recovered from brain fever, and nothing, not the prayers of all her family, could persuade her to remain an inmate in the Earl's house. Lady Gertrude became a nurse of the bodily sick that she might forget her mental sickness. She never even wished to see Israel Torriano again—she never would have been his. Her lamp of life would not be a long-burning one; even now the angel had marked her pure brow. Like a saint who had suffered, she moved among the sufferers of the hospital, waiting her call.

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Jerusalem lay again in a haze; the splendid panorama swam in a maze of vapours; great deep streaks bordered the horizon; over the town in the distance, over minaret and temple, over convent and church, hung the varified Eastern sky—luminous, broken, quivering—telling of the great and constant life and change of the Universe. The scene here was used to sorrow, to human sorrow—a little more or less would not change it, or take away one atom from its natural beauty. Jerusalem would remain Jerusalem—a way-mark for humanity, a great mark on the life of mortal men, a standing pillar of development, a remembrance of love, of sacrifice, of the life of a great nation, of the downfall of a noble people—a place to hope for still—a place whose name never *can* die out as long as man can know what history means!

A man, worn and spent, with tattered clothes and shrunk limbs, came along—it was Israel Torriano. Months he had wandered—months his soul had found no rest. He came to lay down his sorrows where he had started from—on the Mount that still bore the imprint of his dear Master's feet.

A murderer, even if not in intention, he called himself—the slayer of a fellow-being. For what? A passionate desire to right the world. The cause of a lovely girl's madness. Why? Because she would not wed with the money-taint on him. What had he done to be a lost murderer on the face of the earth? Gone forth unprepared among the world's ways, neglected its behests, trodden on its customs, misunderstood perhaps the goodness that was in it, because he set himself above it. Oh! he felt it; sorrow *must* befall all who cannot gently deal with mankind even in its evil ways, guiding it to better ones by degrees. No enthusiast will do good, no idealist reform, no despiser of men's ways teach; man must develop gradually, step by step, as God created and formed the Universe step by step, from the lower to the higher; till the day will come when all, of whatever creed and whatever faith, will recognise that living on one planet, having one home, meant being brothers and sisters; meant losing selfishness, and practising mutual love; meant subduing over-assertion, and cultivating harmonious concord; meant understanding the true, not the false, cramped, scholastic, lessons of the Nazarene; meant to follow the free, noble Teacher, who had spoken for all, that all might hear him, and live together in the land God their Father had given them; meant that possession should *help* to good deeds, not raise us proudly above them; meant that money was a means, not an end; that neglect of humanity was a crime, to be punished rather in those who neglected others depending on them, than in those who were neglected; meant that father and mother, husband and wife, brother and sister, were great obligatory words, not to be trodden in the dust impiously, for selfish reasons, but respected, as giving the purest ideal of the human family; meant that no country is great where riches or luxury are taken as a criterion, but only where true humanity, the development of all, is followed.

Israel stood there on a mountainous rocky shelf, overlooking the town, his beloved Jerusalem. He panted with joy to see it; his pale worn face shone again with the light of his soul, his arms stretched for comfort to the saint-mother of his childhood and boyhood, his home. Oh, had he never left it for the western civilisation, which he could not understand, he might now rest there again an innocent man, not a suffering one. Good God, what could he do to compensate for his deed? Money he knew had been sent largely. Here, he wanted to weep out his sorrow to the teacher, who had taught '*patience in suffering*' to all.

And so he stood—he had studied the creeds and failed. He came back to no creed, but to the pure, simple understanding of the Nazarene's words. For him no more creeds; for him no more distinction; but his soul would commune with the highest, the greatest, the unattainable, in sweet, lofty Jerusalem, there before him. He raised up his hands,



he looked into the vapoury sky, he asked for God's voice to come down upon him in the spirit, and say : ' My son, my son, I have forgiven thee ; be modest in future, it is not given to man to set himself above his fellows.'

## CONCLUSION.

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SUNSET

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Slow sinks the sun-god in his ocean-grave,  
Flushing the sombre clouds with light,  
Scorching the crest of each ambitious wave,  
In the vain vengeance of his failing might.

From the dark waters of the stagnant fen,  
Far as the oozy marshland lies,  
Like some fell serpents from their reedy den,  
The curling wreaths of shadowy mist uprise.

And now, athwart the sun's face, redly-dark,  
Some lines of cloudy blackness lie,  
Like a brow torture-knit by woe, to mark  
The dying monarch's speechless agony.

So he sinks slowly ; and when, at the last,  
Lost in the unknown regions of his rest,  
Still the fierce flames his dying throes had cast  
Fade only slowly from the heavens' breast ;—

Still glisten—although all is gloom below—  
On the green summit of yon tree,  
Like a hand thrust from out the waves to show  
Another victim of the surging sea.

And on those leaves the radiance lingers  
Till, with the last expiring ray,  
Eve, with tender, trembling fingers,  
Close the sad eyelids of the dying day.

C. E. S.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE IN INDIA

BY COLONEL W. F. B. LAURIE.

## II.

HAD Thomas De Quincey and Professor Wilson (Christopher North) served in India, what splendid contributions to Anglo-Indian periodical literature might have been expected from two such writers! How the Professor especially, in a country so stupendous, darkly mystical, and pagan, whose very ruins have an aspect of sublimity about them, would have added to what De Quincey, his friend and critic, styles, with reference to his periodical papers, 'a *florilegium* of thoughts, the most profound and the most gorgeously illustrated that exist in human composition!' And what lights and shadows of Anglo-Indian life could Wilson have painted! That grief and joy are sisters, Christopher North, in the 'Noctes'—as the philosophical Adam Smith did before him—has sternly insisted on: 'And this world, ye ken, sir, and nane kens better, was made for grief as well as for joy.'<sup>1</sup> How true it is that their very lives depend 'on one and the same eternal law!' In India, perhaps, the sisters lie nearer to each other than in England. There would seem to be an intensity of feeling, even in the little occurrences of common life, in the company with which we spent the evening last night, and in 'those frivolous nothings which fill up the void of human life,' unknown elsewhere.

The exuberance of joy, the excess of grief—say, in the one case, from the exhilarating morning ride; to the sportsman, from the pleasure and excitement of the wild boar-hunt; to the soldier, from the prospect of service and distinction; to the student, from the various phases of life in the 'gorgeous East;' or from the brilliant, social, evening gathering at the band;—and in the other, from the not unfrequent suddenness of death; from the feeling of exile; from the necessity of what has been styled 'the grand Indian sorrow'—parting with one's children;—these and a hundred other joys and sorrows are truly intense in the Indian land.

<sup>1</sup> *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, or 'Nights at Ambrose's.'



From gay to grave, then, is a most natural step ; and before parting with the 'Bengal Annual' we shall present our readers with nearly the whole of a little poem, forming a strange contrast with the humorous 'Oriental Tale,' cited at the conclusion of our last paper :—

'THE NEW-MADE GRAVE.

BY H. M. PARKER, ESQ., C.S.

The grave ! for whom ?  
What traveller on life's solemn path hath won  
The quiet resting place ? whose toil is done ?  
Who cometh to the tomb ?

Is it the sage,  
Who, through the vista of a life well past,  
Looked calmly forward to this lone, this last,  
This silent hermitage ?

Is it the brave,  
The laurelled soldier of a hundred fields,  
To whom the land he nobly warred for yields  
A peaceful, honoured grave ?

Doth the matron come,  
Whom many bright-eyed mourners of her race  
Will weep, when looking on her vacant place,  
By the hearth of their sad home ?

When the day dies,  
Not unannounced comes the dark starry night ;  
To purple twilight melts the golden light,  
Of the resplendent skies.

And man, too, bears  
The warning signs upon his furrowed cheek,  
In his dimmed eye, and silvered hair, which speak  
The twilight of our years.

But, oh ! 'tis grief  
To part with those who still upon their brow  
Bear life's spring garland, with hope's sunny glow  
On every verdant leaf.

To see the rose  
Opening her fragrant glories to the light—  
Half bud, half blossom, kissed by the cold blight,  
And perish ere it blows.'

In our humble opinion, 'the twilight of our years' is a beautiful idea simply rendered.

'The Draught of Immortality, and other Poems,' by the same writer, is the title of a volume published in London in 1827. It reminds us at once of the famed *amreeta* cup in the 'Curse of Kehama'—a poem con-

demned early in this century by the Edinburgh reviewers because they did not understand its mythological beauties—of which Kehama drinks, hoping to gain a blessed immortality; but Siva, the destroyer, has doomed him 'to live and burn eternally.' The graceful Kailyal drinks, and becomes a thing of immortal bliss; and father, daughter, and Glendoveer (good spirit), are all now enjoying happiness in the Hindu paradise. By writing 'Kehama,' Lord Byron said that Southey had 'tied another canister to his tail'—the first canister being 'Thalaba,' severely handled in the 'Edinburgh' in 1802. 'By the way,' writes the admirable Heber, some twenty years later, 'what a vast amount of foolish prejudice exists about Southey and his writings.' Few had read a line of his works, but all were inclined to criticise him; and now the 'Kehama' is best known to the English public through the 'Rejected Addresses':—

'I am a blessed Glendoveer :  
'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear.'<sup>1</sup>

Parker always received more kindness from his reviewers than the voluminous and versatile poet laureate. 'The Draught of Immortality,' by our great contributor to Anglo-Indian periodical literature, sometimes reminds us of Moore in 'Lalla Rookh.' The former has only twenty pages; the latter is an elaborate volume; but as the critics praised the 'extraordinary accuracy of Mr. Moore, in his topographical, antiquarian, and characteristic details,' even Sir John Malcolm saying the poet wrote 'with the truth of the historian'—this same 'Tom Moore,' Byron's friend, let it be remembered, never having visited the glorious East—we are inclined to think that Parker, who knew and could describe Oriental scenes so well, could have written, had he turned his mind to it, the next best Oriental poem in the English language to 'Lalla Rookh.'

And now we proceed with our sketch. The 'Meerut Universal Magazine,' commonly called 'M. U. M.' from its initials—though, as a facetious friend observed, it was by no means *mum* in its character—was an exceedingly able periodical, got up principally by the late Sir Henry Elliott and Mr. H. Torrens, who also founded and contributed largely to the 'Meerut Observer.' The latter journal was established in 1832, and is supposed to have been the first newspaper published in the Upper Provinces. Captain Harvey Tuckett—afterwards famous in the black-bottle duel with Lord Cardigan, to whose regiment (the 10th Hussars) he belonged—was also a contributor to the Meerut journal, and the initials 'H. T.' not unfrequently caused confusion. Here we may say that two of the most distinguished Bengal civilians that ever lived were

<sup>1</sup> 'The imitation of the diction and measure, we think, is nearly almost perfect; and the descriptions as good as the original.'—Note to 'The Rebuilding, by R. S.,' from the 'Edinburgh Review.'



Indian editors ; and the three writers, Torrens, Elliott, and Meredith Parker, were not only three of the most brilliant men that ever did honour to the Civil Service of the East-India Company, but three of the greatest, in the face of many obstacles, that ever did credit to our Anglo-Indian periodical literature. In general ability, for writing on any subject, Mr. H. Torrens appears to have seldom been surpassed by those to whom literature was not a profession. He was a classical scholar, had made himself master of most of the European languages, and had won a name in Oriental literature. He had not so large a share of purely poetical inspiration as his friend Parker, but he had quite as much quickness and versatility of mind. He seemed rather to have resembled Sir Henry Elliott in his mental acquirements than his other contemporaries. Writing just after the intelligence of Sir Henry's death at the Cape, Mr. Hume remarks : 'In their love for Eastern learning they were alike, and so they were in versatility of talent. Both were accomplished scholars, and the charm of the society in which they moved.'<sup>1</sup> Mr. Torrens, amidst all his official labours and anxieties, found that which only great minds are able to find for everything—TIME. Parker was another example of this admirable faculty ; and that 'great utilitarian,' Lord William Bentinck, who admired him (H. M. P.) for his versatile genius, was forced to admit 'what he had hitherto considered impossible, that literary attainments and excellence in dry official routine were qualifications which admitted of a happy combination.' In addition to his other works, Torrens wrote 'Remarks on the Scope and Uses of Military Literature and History,' published in January, 1846, in the weekly 'Eastern Star' (with the daily 'Morning Star,' edited by Hume), and afterwards as a volume ; and the 'Calcutta Review' declared that the work was written with 'great ability and clearness of analysis ; evincing in the author intellectual powers of a high order, no less than extensive acquirements.' In a welcome to the R. W. Br. Burnes, K.H. (1840), Mr. Torrens has the following graceful verse, which may be acceptable to 'brothers of the mystic tie,' or to 'the sons of light,' as Burnes' kinsman, the great poet, also styles them, and who are more numerous and zealous in their good work in India than is generally supposed :—

'Had you wandered among us all penniless poor,  
With no hope on the ocean, no home on the land,  
Oh ! the key that you wot of had opened each door,  
And each brother stood by you with lip, heart, and hand.'

The distinguished subject of these lines was brother of the great traveller and political, Sir Alexander Burnes, who was murdered at Caubul.

<sup>1</sup> Biographical Memoir by James Hume, Esq. (p. 108), published with 'Writings Prose and Poetical,' by Henry Torrens, Esq., B.A., vol. i.

It has been already remarked that the 'Meerut Observer' was probably the first English newspaper published in the N.W., or Upper Provinces. The 'Agra Ukhbar' ('Agra News') was another receptacle about the same time, and several years later, for, in addition to brilliant leaders, all sorts of small periodical writing, such as growls from subalterns and apothecaries, and complaints from parties proceeding to the hills, composed of such valuable material to every society, as beautiful young ladies with their admirers, disappointed widows, and manœuvring mothers!

Having touched on such delicate ground, at the risk of being considered slightly out of strict chronological order—for we should ere this have been with Captain David Lester Richardson (the famed 'D.L.R.'), and the 'Calcutta Literary Gazette'—we proceed to remark that the 'Mountain Wreath' was got up at Mussoorie, in 1834, by the brothers French, of the Civil Service, Captain Arthur Broome, of the Bengal Artillery, and others (including Lieutenant A. H. E. Boileau), and was illustrated with drawings, running only to two or three numbers, and was never put in print, though some of its articles were equal to the general run of those in the 'Bengal Annual.' Mountain air, if anything can, should rarefy the intellect; and this is perhaps the reason why the leaders in the principal London journals are so much more brilliant in and immediately after August than before. Catching a fine trout, or shooting a brace or two of grouse, is the best of all medicines for a worn city editor. How he would enjoy a day's recreation, even without the grouse and trout, in the magnificent valley of the Dehra Doon! Mussoorie 7000, and Landour 8000 feet above the sea, are almost close together, on the northern side of the Doon. The views from these sanatoria for Europeans are very beautiful, corresponding in this respect with the famed Neilgherries (blue mountains) of the Madras Presidency. No level ground, and the houses built upon terraces cut out of the solid rock, it really is to be wondered at why the 'Mountain Wreath' was not a decided success! What sublime ideas could some of our London poets attain—the vapid 'Fleshly School' included—by writing with the eye resting on the north upon 'successive tiers of mountain ranges, terminating in the snowy peaks of the Himalaya!'<sup>1</sup> We shall dismiss the 'Mountain Wreath' with a little anecdote of one of its contributors, which is not unknown to several officers of the old Indian army. It may be styled

#### WAITING FOR A GOVERNOR.

Two young officers, one being the periodical writer, called to pay their respects to the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces.

<sup>1</sup> To complete the picture of such a magnificent field for the poet: 'On the south, the Dehra Doon, more than 4000 feet below, appears with its fields, forests, and rivulets, and beyond the Sewalik range, as far as the vision can reach, are seen the fertile plains of Upper India.'



Only those who have been in India can fully estimate the high position of such a functionary. His Honor happened to be absent at the time of the visit ; but, after some time, returning, the grey bearded *chuprassie* announced that there were two gentlemen waiting to see the *burra sahib* (great master). Gazing with his searching eyes on the middle of the reception-room, 'Where are they?' enquired His Honor, in the purest Persian. '*Dekho, sahib !*' ('See, sir !') exclaimed the faithful Mussulman, pointing to two corners of the room, in one of which was our periodical friend standing on his head, his uniform making the attitude more ludicrous ; and in the other stood his brother officer in a similar position, both seemingly determined not to be deprived of amusement while waiting for a Lieutenant-Governor !

Should this number of DARK BLUE fall into the hands of the philanthropic Earl of Shaftesbury, his Lordship may bring to memory the conclusion of his speech on the second reading of the Acrobat's Bill (July 4) :—'At one of the schools with which he was acquainted, there was a boy who, in consequence of having undergone this training, could not do his lessons unless he went and stood on his head in a corner for three or four minutes every now and then. (Laughter).' Perhaps the accomplished officers just cited<sup>1</sup> thought the act requisite to give the necessary composure to ask for an appointment as well as to amuse ! But, whether from necessity or a love of the ludicrous, we see in life, every day, men as well as boys playing 'fantastic tricks before high heaven.'

Let us now turn to the 'Calcutta Literary Gazette,' which brings us to think of the literary labours of Capt. D. L. Richardson. This periodical was established upwards of forty years ago, was tolerably successful for some years, when it declined and became merged into the Saturday edition of the 'Bengal Hurkaru' (messenger), the old Calcutta journal, which had previously swallowed up and attached to its popular name the old 'India Gazette.' The original was printed after the fashion of its English prototype ; but though containing very able and interesting articles, it does not appear to have paid as a literary speculation ; and it perhaps weakened its resources by declining to insert anonymous articles even when authenticated by their authors. The 'Literary Gazette' seems to be an unfortunate name for a journal. There is something not sufficiently defined about it. Jerdan did a great deal for the London journal, which he founded ; but when he left it, the change of hands was manifest, till at length it disappeared from the scene, and became merged in some other paper.

Richardson's literary fame commenced with the 'Literary Leaves.' His 'Selection from the British Poets,' with notices biographical and

<sup>1</sup> Both of them rose to high rank and position.

critical, were compiled and collected for the use of the Government Educational Institution of Bengal. In the work, partly written from this, entitled 'Lives of the British Poets,' there are what a Calcutta reviewer says pervade the 'Literary Leaves,' 'a fine taste and acute observation, combined with a polished style and a most candid exercise of the critic's office.' We recollect the literary 'Chit-Chat,' while it was being published in the 'Literary Gazette' of the 'Hurkaru,' in 1847; just seventeen years after Richardson became a giant in Anglo-Indian periodical literature, fourteen years after the publication of his 'Ocean Sketches and Other Poems,' and twelve after that of his chief work, the 'Literary Leaves.'

To give some idea of his work as an editor, the following is a correct enumeration of his labours in this respect:—

'Bengal Annual,' from 1830 to 1836 .....	7 Vols.
'Calcutta Literary Gazette,' from 1830 to 1835	6 „
'Calcutta Magazine,' from 1830 to 1833 .....	10 „
Total .....	<u>23 Vols.</u>

As a volume, the lively and earnest 'Chit-Chat' was reviewed, with his other works, in the 'Calcutta' of September, 1848. And a most elaborate and learned review it is—one hundred and twenty pages on the 'Literary Labours of D. L. Richardson.' The reviewer brings out Macaulay in an arrogant light, hinting that 'D. L. R.' wished the 'mighty member of the Council,' the Whig and Edinburgh Reviewer, the 'monopoliser' of all conversation, the idol for the hour in Calcutta, to write for him. What a catch he would have been! But fancy the brilliant man of genius, who had read every book and knew everything, fancy him 'condescending to write one line for a "Calcutta Annual," or "Literary Gazette!"'

During the appearance, every Saturday, of the 'Chit-chat,' 'Agellius'—a writer whose will was perhaps greater than his power to become a star in Anglo-Indian periodical literature—published a series of 'Saturday Sketches' in the 'Literary Gazette of the Hurkaru.' Among them were the 'Author in India,' the 'Missionary,' the 'Cantonment Beauty' (would make a capital title for a novel!), the 'Apothecary,' the 'Eccentric Captain,' the 'Indian Editor,' &c.—the whole an attempt to sketch some of the principal portraits in the chequered drama of Anglo-Indian life. He also wrote in the same journal 'A New Review of an Old Poem—Southey's "Curse of Kehama!"'

Let us now turn to a goodly tome, 'The Calcutta Monthly Journal and General Register of Occurrences throughout the British Dominions in the East, forming an Epitome of the Indian Press. For the year



1838.<sup>1</sup> This remarkable volume, in size reminding one of Lord Macaulay's famous description of Dr. Nare's work on 'Burleigh and his Times'—which book 'contains as much reading as an ordinary library'—commences with an admirable biographical and critical sketch of D. L. R. and his works, by Mr. (now Sir John) Kaye, who was a true friend of Richardson's to the last, when friendship and kindness were most required. The remarks concerning the difficulties under which a writer labours in our Indian community are of great value:—'Almost everybody in Calcutta knows the names and perhaps the persons of each writer in the different periodicals. . . . One person will not think much of a writer who happened to be, many years ago at college, inferior to him in scholastic attainments; another will recognise in a particular writer a junior officer, and will not admit of intellectual, where there is not military precedence; a third will say that A. is un-educated, or B. quite a boy, or C. too fond of society—and thus deny their right to set themselves up as public instructors. But all this is exceedingly unfair, exceedingly mortifying, and exceedingly embarrassing. The writings, not the writers, should be canvassed.' No man—civilian, military officer, or merchant—who ever came to India, had, perhaps, so much right to utter such opinions as Mr. Kaye, who founded the 'Calcutta Review' six years afterwards. Every word is truth, and defies question. It is most interesting to get some earlier glimpses than we have yet given at the life of such a man as D. L. R.

According to the sketch we wish to introduce to the readers of the *DARK BLUE*, David Lester Richardson was born in the first year of the present century. When only eight years old, he lost his father,<sup>2</sup> a Colonel of the Bengal Establishment, who contributed to the 'Asiatic Researches,' and was an excellent Oriental linguist. D. L. R. entered the Company's service in 1819, and first appeared as a poet in 1820, 'when he began to send his verses to the "Calcutta Journal," which was then under Buckingham's editorial management.'

Soon after arrival in Europe, on medical certificate (in 1825), Richardson, though the publication of 'Sonnets and other Poems,' became admired in London as a poet. Regarding this difficult style of writing, Mr. Kaye says that most of the sonnets are 'exquisitely finished and full of genuine poetry. We think that, with the exception of Milton's and Wordsworth's, they are equal to any in the language.' As a proof of his volume's popularity, it was included in a well-known diamond edition of the British poets, Richardson being 'the only living bard whose works are included in the collection' (1827). About this time the Indian subaltern established in the Metropolis the 'London Weekly Review,' expending thereon a large portion of his patrimony,

<sup>1</sup> Third series, vol. iv.

<sup>2</sup> He was lost on his passage home to Europe.

which was considerable. His uncle, Colonel Sherwood, of the Artillery, had often said to him, 'You are the richest Ensign in India; if you go home you will return a beggar.' The Colonel's prediction was in a fair way of being verified. D. L. R. edited 'The Weekly Review' (of which he was sole proprietor), 'in conjunction with Mr. St. John, author of the 'Anatomy of Society,' 'Margaret Ravenscroft,' and some works of oriental travel. Hazlitt, Bowring, Roscoe, Moir, Pringle, and many other eminent writers were amongst the contributors to this journal.' So, no wonder, when he wrote in such splendid company, that the proprietor of this most talented and 'most honest weekly periodical' should one day become such an ornament to periodical literature in India. In 1828, Richardson sold 'The Weekly Review' to Mr. Colburn, and 'began to think that he had better return to his old profession in India.' When it was known that he was about to return, his literary associates gave him a farewell dinner, at which Thomas Campbell, the poet, presided. Martin, 'the poet painter,' and General Miller, who had distinguished himself by his 'more than chivalrous services' in South America, were present; and the poet of 'Hope' and some of the finest and most stirring odes in our language, considered the meeting as 'an occasion of offering their sincere congratulations to their friend and guest, on the literary reputation he had already so creditably achieved, and their fervent hopes that his departure for India, which he had resolved upon, for reasons perfectly consistent with the spirit and manliness of his character, would furnish no bar to his fair and promising prospects in literature.'

We cannot part with Mr. Kaye's sketch of D. L. R. without remarking on the excellence of the criticism contained therein. He tries to do his author full justice, and evinces what are styled the characters of taste—delicacy and correctness at every turn:—"The Ocean Sketches" are bright Turner-like sea-views—they are beautiful, and dazzling, and highly-coloured; they attract the eye at once, but we cannot linger on them—they awaken scenic remembrances, but not heartfelt associations, and therefore they do not dwell upon the mind. The spirit of humanity pervades them not. They are gorgeous views without a figure in them, and therefore they lack vitality. This is a fault, which, we acknowledge, lies more in the subject than in the execution of the pictures, but we *have* a fault to find with their execution. "The Ocean Sketches" are overladen with epithets, &c.

Again, the reviewer, alluding to Richardson's 'Home Visions' being realised when once again he trod the shores of Old England, gives utterance to the following natural reflections, with which every Indian officer with a soul must at once agree:—"Oh! is it not worth a few years' exile—a few years of heart solitude in a strange land—to feel the exulting



spirit, the bounding pulse, the access of animal life, the buoyancy, the hopes which stir within us, when we plant our foot upon the strand of merry England, and feel its mild airs breathing on us once more ?' This feeling is increasing, men no longer consider India as their home. Even the hill colonies proposed will not do away with the joyful expression—so dear to every true Briton—'This is my own, my native land.'

The most famous literary competitor with Richardson was Dr. Hutchinson, Secretary to the Medical Board, and author of the 'Sunyasse,' a poem which, although possessing fine touches of feeling and fancy, was attacked with 'all the virulence of offended criticism.'<sup>1</sup> But the Doctor's merits, says a Calcutta reviewer, were not 'fairly tested.' With reference to Richardson's prose Mr. Kaye records his opinion that 'in grace of diction and felicity of expression, few writers have surpassed D. L. R. A small extract from the essay 'On Children'—quoted by the biographer and critic—will at once convince our readers of the truth of this remark :—

'CHILDREN.

'The changing looks and attitudes of children afford a perpetual feast to every eye that has a true perception of grace and beauty : they surpass the sweetest creations of the poet or the painter. They are prompted by maternal Nature, who keeps an incessant watch over her infant favourites, and directs their minutest movements, and their most evanescent thoughts. . . . It is a sweet enjoyment to watch the first glimmering of the human mind, and to greet the first signs of joy that give life and animation to the passive beauty of an infant's face, like the earliest streaks of sunshine upon opening flowers. But, alas ! this pleasure is too often interrupted by the sad reflection that the bright dawn of existence is succeeded by a comparatively clouded noon, and an almost starless night. Each year of our life is a step lower on the radiant ladder that leads to heaven, and when we at last descend into the horrible vault of death, our best hope is that we may rise again to a state resembling the happy purity of our childhood.'

In this same number of the 'Calcutta Monthly Journal,' we have ten biographical sketches (including that of D. L. R.), each lord of human kind being honoured with a capitably-etched portrait for the august occasion. James Sutherland ; Lieutenant J. W. Kaye, Hon. Company's Artillery ; Sir Edward Ryan ; John Pearson, Esq., Advocate-General ; Sir J. P. Grant, Puisne Justice, Calcutta ; the *soi-disant* Raja Pertaub Chund ; John Ross Hutchinson, Esq. ; Longueville Loftus Clarke, M.A., F.R.S., ; Alexander Ross, Esq., late President of the Council of India—all pass before us in rapid succession, as brilliant members of a society which—originally springing from the middle classes—has seldom been equalled upon earth. In the 'Journal,' also, we have a few glimpses of 'the great literary Lycurgus, Mr. Macaulay.' We learn that, while in Calcutta, he undertook to prepare a work of selections from our prose writers, to correspond with a similar work on

<sup>1</sup> 'Calcutta Review' for Dec., 1845.

our poets, by Richardson (then Professor of Literature in the Hindu College); 'but, having sketched out the design, he left it to be completed by Sir Edward Ryan.'<sup>1</sup> Again, some observations having been made relative to the personal hostility which the press manifested towards Mr. Macaulay, the 'Bengal Herald' replied that the press 'says nothing about him in his personal capacity, nor cares about him in his personal capacity.' The 'Calcutta Monthly Journal'—naturally indignant at the strong feelings of hostility towards such a man—being assured that the line of distinction had *not* been drawn between his personal and his official character, says: 'We appeal to the experience of everyone who has been in the habit of reading the papers, whether for three years the whole artillery of the press—from the great guns of the 'Hurkaru' and the 'Englishman,' to the little swivel of the 'Gyananneshun'—has not been directed against him with a degree of vehemence and perseverance unexampled in the history of the Indian press.' Such conduct towards a master-mind, one who could rise from the 'Black Acts' to examine the moral and intellectual character of Bacon, is wholly unjustifiable.

There are just two other sketches in this volume to which we shall allude very briefly, and these are James Sutherland, who, in 1827, became editor of the 'Bengal Hurkaru;' and John William Kaye, who was also its editor, crowning his periodical literary labours when he projected and founded the 'Calcutta Review,' in 1844, some time after the elaborate criticism on his works in the 'Monthly Journal.' Mr. Sutherland, at the early age of fourteen, went to sea, and spent seven years in the Navy as a midshipman. He served in a dashing frigate, the *Acasta*, commanded by Captain Ker, a famous 'tartar,' from whom the 'Sea-Fielding,' Captain Marryatt, in 'Peter Simple,' may have drawn the portrait of 'Captain Savage.' In 1815, the *Acasta* was paid off; and Sutherland, not long after, became a 'Country Captain,' and a zealous contributor to Anglo-Indian periodical literature. His first connexion with the Indian press was in 1818, when he joined Mr. Buckingham (who had also been a sailor) in the office of the celebrated 'Calcutta Journal.' As many other sensible men have done before him, he married, again went to sea, speculated, lost; and when, early in 1823, Mr. Buckingham was 'so tyrannically ordered out of the country,' he again joined the staff of the above journal as reporter and contributor. Sutherland played a most conspicuous part in all the press squabbles of that most interesting period in Calcutta, when men thought they were beginning to die for want of what Junius styles 'the air we breathe'—the liberty of the press! In 1836 he resigned the editorship of the

<sup>1</sup> The present First Commissioner of the Civil Service Commission, in London, who was formerly Chief Justice in Calcutta.



‘Hurkaru.’ Sutherland had also managed the ‘Bengal Herald’ at the same time, in which journal appeared some of his best articles, literary and political. Here are a few remarks<sup>1</sup> on

‘CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

‘EDITOR.—He has neither the learning nor, perhaps, the graphic power of Smollett in delineating the human character, but he is a delightful writer, and I have heard men of your profession say that some of his descriptions in ‘Peter Simple’ surpass anything in the same line in the works of any living writer, not excepting Cooper, the American—the club-hauling, for example. What say you?

NAUTICUS.—I entirely agree in that estimate of his literary character. He is the best nautical novelist of the day, out and out; and I doubt his inferiority to Smollett, except in learning. . . . His Peter Simple is a character, I will engage, drawn from the life, nay—I have actually known such a character, and some of his miseries while he was yet a Johnny Raw, are such as probably every naval officer has felt.’

No one had a better right to criticise a sea-novel than Mr. Sutherland. Alas! we shall never have another tale of the sea: the force of education and the iron-clads have rendered such a thing impossible. We now turn to contemporary biography, while its subject was of the military service. Mr. Kaye arrived in India in 1833, having been appointed to the Bengal Artillery, and soon (1834) became a regular contributor to Richardson’s ‘Calcutta Literary Gazette,’ in which he wrote the first of a series of papers entitled ‘The Essayist.’ The subject is ‘The Pen and the Pencil;’ and the powerful critic *in esse* is immediately displayed by some discriminating and ingenious remarks which would have done credit to Hazlitt himself. There is time for both poetry and painting in India, and it is pleasant to see their relative advantages and pleasures so well set forth by an Indian officer. Which is the more likely to be, ‘not for an age, but for all time?’ is, after all, the grand question. All his essays in this series are written in a most pleasing style, evincing great knowledge, and causing us to wonder how the Artillery Cadet at Addiscombe found time to read up aught save mathematics and fortification. Mr. Kaye appears to have been born with all the feelings of a genuine author, which is proved by his just and striking remarks on ‘Excitement of Publication—Disappointment of Genius.’ Besides the essays to the ‘Gazette’ he contributed many poetical effusions, a story entitled the ‘Double First,’—in which the character of ‘Everard Sinclair,’ one of the principal personages of his novel of ‘Jerningham,’ is developed—and ‘Gaspar Henric,’ a tale in twelve chapters. All these were written within the short space of six months; and when the climate of India—and particularly Calcutta—is considered, such literary industry is truly wonderful. In the rains of 1834 he had no less than three severe attacks of fever, and in the same year he returned to England. On arrival in Europe, in Jersey, he

<sup>1</sup> Written between 1834 and 1836.

printed, for private circulation, a small volume of poems, some from the 'Literary Gazette,' to which he had been such an ornament—all of which evince decided poetical talent. His 'Invocation to the Spirit of Beauty' would have done credit to the imaginative Shelley. Mr. Kaye's 'Jerningham; or, the Inconsistent Man,' was published in June, 1836; and, we read, his various works of fiction 'elicited the highest praise from some very able critics.'

Striking specimens of the beautiful and pathetic—especially in 'Margaret's Song'—are to be found in 'Jerningham.'

A brief specimen must suffice from the 'Song,' which is quoted in full in the 'Calcutta Journal':—

'I pine—I wither—I am dying—a captive in a great prison house. I shiver with cold; I am girt about with ice. I wander here and there, but all is dark and desolate. My soul harmonizes with eternal nature. How can I be joyous in this place, where everything around me is so drear? I speak in the language of my country; it is my only solace—I have none beside it. I am a wretched outcast. Why was I not cut off in my infancy? It is better to die in Italy than to live anywhere else in the world.'

'Doveton; or, the Man of Many Impulses,' is considered by the Calcutta critic, 'both in design and execution, an extraordinary production.' It is an allegory 'in which certain qualities of the mind are embodied in the characters.' It is enough to say of this work that it received high praise in the 'Court Magazine' from the female Byron—the Honourable Mrs. Norton. We have no space to cite other works by Mr. Kaye up to 1838, but we feel it a duty to remark on the extraordinary powers displayed by one who could write graceful essays and verses at nineteen and twenty, and striking romances before the morning of life had fled; and who in later years became the stern Calcutta reviewer of facts and fallacies, the historian of wars, and the biographer of eminent men<sup>1</sup> whose like, take them for all in all, we shall not look upon again.

We cannot dismiss the 'Calcutta Monthly Journal' without alluding to the Free Press Dinner at the Town Hall of Calcutta. The liberation of the Indian Press by Sir Charles Theophilus Metcalfe, as before remarked, dates from the 15th of September, 1835. On the present occasion Sir Charles, having been invited as the guest of the evening, the annual celebration was postponed to the 9th of February (1838). As dates are of consequence in our sketch we should also mention that the date of annual celebration is here given as the 15th of December. Mr. Longueville Clarke presided, and Mr. Henry Meredith Parker was in the vice-chair. One hundred and ninety-six gentlemen sat down to dinner. Sir Charles sat at the head of the table between the Chairman and Mr. R. D. Mangles. The many toasts and speeches were grand and suitable

<sup>1</sup> Metcalf, Malcolm, Sir Henry Lawrence, Neill, &c.



in their character ; but, as belonging to the profession of arms, we prefer giving an extract from that of the Vice-President, Mr. Henry Meredith Parker, with whom we have already made our readers acquainted :—  
 ‘Gentlemen ; my toast is The British Army. (Cheers.) I know there has been discussion infinite touching the politics of the British Army. Whether it was Whiggish or Toryish, Reformatory or Conservative—whether it loved a Free Press or did not love a Free Press,—for my own part, I will own to you candidly that I don’t care a fig what its politics are, or what its feelings are, on the question I have hinted at,—it is sufficient for me to know, that through long years of peril and gloom the British Army fought and bled, that the hearths and altars of their country might not be polluted by a foreign foe. (Cheers.) It is sufficient for me to feel that it placed between a terrible enemy and our pleasant fields and native homes the iron barrier of its indomitable valour. (Cheers.) I can no more bring myself to care for the politics of our brave soldiers than I can care for those of that glorious chief who led them crowned with victory from the Rock of Lisbon to the gates of Toulouse, and from the wood of Soignés to the towers of Notre Dame. (Cheers.)’  
 C. P. Prinsep, Esq., in a pithy speech, gave ‘Trial by Jury, the bulwark of the Freedom of the Press.’ Mr. Stocqueler (Editor of the ‘Englishman’), a well-known Indian periodical writer, was then called on by the Chairman to sing :—

‘In the glorious old days of the glorious old Bess  
 (Though she scarce would have suited the present, I guess !)  
 The chronicles say that a newspaper first  
 On the wondering eyes of our forefathers burst.  
 Sing Ballinamora Ora,  
 Huzza, for the Press is now free !’

The newspaper here alluded to was published in England in 1588, by the authority of Queen Elizabeth, at the time of the Spanish Armada. Its object was ‘to allay the general anxiety, and to hinder the dissemination of false and exaggerated statements.’ After holding forth the hardships of Indian editors—the glorious ‘jackals for India of the British lion !’—Mr. Stocqueler sang :—

‘Aye, and still by her friends, through the world, shall be loved  
 His name, who that badge of our slavery remov’d ;  
 And year after year shall resound in this hall  
 The glory of METCALFE, who freed us from thrall.  
 Sing, &c., &c., &c.

The Chairman—one of the most gentlemanly-looking men who ever came to India—well remarked on this great occasion, what few will venture to deny :—‘In those countries where the Press is most free, is knowledge most diffused. It not only imparts instruction, but excites.

to learning ; and the man who is opposed to the freeing of the Indian Press must be the foe to enlightening the natives. (Loud cheers.) In short, there are two hundred millions in India to be instructed through Education and the Press ; and, if those who wield such powerful weapons do not exercise their calling discreetly, they will have much to answer for.

At this stage we shall remark that, after the expiration of the East India Company's trading charter, in 1834, some of our best Indian newspapers came into existence. The 'Bombay Times,' in 1836-37, established a great reputation, under Dr. Buist, its highly accomplished editor. Mr. Knight succeeded Dr. Buist, changing the title of the paper to the 'Times of India.' The 'Friend of India,' in 1837-38, grew rapidly into notice, under John Marshman, son of the eminent missionary ; and even now has, perhaps, the largest circulation of any Indian journal. Marshman, Smith, Townsend, and others less known to fame, despite a few crotchets, struggled to make the Serampore journal in every sense the 'Friend of India.' The 'Hurkaru' has already been mentioned ; but 'old Hurky' exists no longer.

The 'Englishman,' under Butcher (who succeeded Stocqueler) ; the 'Star,' under James Hume (who wrote the famous letters in the 'Eastern Star,' by an Idler), flourished in Calcutta. In Madras, the 'Athenæum,' projected and founded by Pharoah (1837-38), and the 'Spectator,' by Ouchterlony—who, after fairly starting the paper (now defunct), was succeeded by Glover in the editorship—were our earliest South of India journals. The 'United Service Gazette' (now defunct) was a favourite among the military, thirty years ago, when it was under the management of Captain Langley, formerly an officer in the Madras cavalry. India at the present time is well supplied with newspapers ; and the 'Friend of India,' the up-country papers, such as the 'Pioneer' and 'Delhi Gazette,'<sup>1</sup> the 'Indian Daily News' (Calcutta), the 'Madras Times,' the 'Times of India,' the 'Sindian' and 'Our Paper' (both published at Kurrachee, in Sind), the 'Rangoon Gazette' and 'Times' (both published at Rangoon, in Burmah), the 'Ceylon Observer,' 'North China Herald,' 'Penang Argus,' and other journals, keep us well acquainted with what is going on in Queen Victoria's splendid Eastern dominion. The wonderful rapidity with which Indian news is anticipated (taking from the freshness of the overland summaries) by the telegraph, is enough

<sup>1</sup> The 'Delhi Gazette,' under Mr. Place, and the 'Moffussilite,' when edited by its founder, John Lang, attained very high positions in Indian newspaper literature. The 'Neilgherry Excelsior,' edited by Mr. Kenrick, and the 'South of India Observer,' under that veteran champion of the Press, James Ouchterlony (formerly of the 'Madras Spectator'), are the chief up-country papers in the Madras Presidency. The up-country ('Moffussil,' or district) papers in India are generally weekly and tri-weekly ; the dailies are confined to the Presidency towns.



to make our forefathers leap from their graves, when we consider that formerly (1811) it took ten or twelve months to get an answer to a letter or a dispatch from India; and now the Viceroy can send a message to the India Office, in London, and be quite sure of its arriving safely there, perhaps (on account of the difference of the time in the two countries) even before its leaving the City of Palaces!

‘A word—and the impulse is given;  
A touch—and the mission has sped!  
Hurrah! ’tis the best conjuration  
That science, the wizard, has done!  
Through me nation speaks unto nation,  
Till all are united in one.’

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### III.

The projection and foundation of the ‘Calcutta Review’ is quite as important an event in the history of our indigenous Indian literature as that of the far-famed ‘Edinburgh’ and ‘Quarterly’ at home. Sydney Smith, the original projector of the ‘blue and yellow,’ and Sir Walter Scott, the Ariosto of the North, who started the ‘Quarterly’ as its Tory rival, doubtless would have greatly admired the idea of founding a review in the City of Palaces, where the love of a high order of critical literature seemed at a discount, and the spirit of man in general was very far from divine. The *Tenui musam meditamus avena* motto, originally proposed by the Edinburgh reviewers for their journal—‘We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal’—seemed about to give place to one announcing its cultivation on a little curry and rice, which humble but popular repast, to the ‘Calcutta’s’ staff, amidst so many disadvantages of climate, promised to be permanent. But energy in this matter, as in everything else, had its glorious triumph. It had occurred to Mr. Kaye, then residing in Calcutta, to establish a Review, similar in form and character to our great British Quarterlies, but entirely devoted to Indian subjects and Indian questions. It was indeed a bold and seemingly hopeless experiment; ‘and,’ writes Mr. Kaye, ‘its success astonished no one more than myself.’ And again, speaking of one of the greatest on the roll of India’s heroes and statesmen, he says, ‘That it did succeed is, in no small measure, attributable to the strenuous support of Henry Lawrence.’ Truly, the hour had come and the man; or, perhaps, we should say the men! The ‘Calcutta’ was precisely the organ for which Lawrence had been wishing, ‘as a vehicle for the expression of his thoughts;’ and

although, up to the time of its projection, he had never seen Mr. Kaye, his kindly heart and vigorous pen were at once placed at the disposal of one who had been a brother officer in the Bengal Artillery, and under whose 'peculiar care' the coming Review was first to see the light. Lord Ellenborough had selected Lawrence to fill the highly important post of Resident at the Court of Nepaul. He had to 'wait and watch' rather than 'interfere.' As soon as he heard that the 'Calcutta' had been started, he 'promised to contribute to *every* number.'<sup>1</sup> But before this time the great 'political' had contributed to some of the up-country journals, especially to the 'Delhi Gazette,' in which appeared the 'Adventurer in the Punjaub,' a most interesting series of papers, afterwards published in London, by Mr. Colburn. To the same journal another distinguished soldier and political of the Indian army—Lieut. (afterwards Sir Herbert) Edwardes, eventually 'Calcutta' reviewer—also contributed, under the strange but comprehensive signature of the 'Brahminy Bull.'

The first number of the Review was too far advanced for the editor to avail himself of Lawrence's aid. To this number Dr. Duff contributed one article; Captain Marsh, of the Bengal Cavalry, an earnest-minded and singularly-gifted man, contributed another; *and the editor wrote all the rest.* The latter remark evinces energy and literary heroism on the part of the editor, seldom equalled, and which only those who know something of India and its literature can fully appreciate. To come out in the month of May—the hottest in Calcutta—to do battle with ignorance, and probably superstition, required as much courage as to lead a forlorn hope! And, doubtless such an idea crossed the mind of the statesman at Nepaul (whose father, Lieutenant Lawrence, had commanded the left column of General Baird's forlorn hope at Seringapatam),<sup>2</sup> while gloating with intense delight over the first number of the Indian 'Quarterly.' May, 1844, then, we consider, beyond all question, the most important month and year in the history of Indian Periodical Literature. Well might each reader in such weather, with thermantidotes going, and punkahs in full swing, exclaim with our friend, Mr. Parker:—

'But all in vain I sigh for lands  
Where happy cheeks with cold look blue;  
While here in the shade the mercury stands  
At ninety-two!'

The contents of the first number must be cited to give a finish to our

<sup>1</sup> 'Lives of Indian Officers,' by John William Kaye, author of the 'History of the War in Afghanistan,' &c.—(1869)—p. 113 to 116—'Sir Henry Lawrence.'

<sup>2</sup> 'Thus wrote, in the first year of the present century, Colonel Alexander Beatson, historian of the war with Tippoo Sultan, and of the famous siege of Seringapatam.'—  
—KAYE.



sketch. '1. The English in India—Society past and present. 2. Lord Teignmouth. 3. Our Earliest Protestant Mission to India. 4. Ochterlony's Chinese War. 5. The Condition-of-India Question—Rural Life in Bengal. 6. The Ameers of Sindh.—Postscript :—The Massacre at Benares. Miscellaneous Notices.' The motto is from Milton, more benign than the terribly critical *Judex damnatur, cum nocens absolvitur* of the 'Edinburgh':—'No man, who has tasted learning, but will confess the many ways of profiting by those, who not content with stale receipts, are able to manage and set forth new positions to the world; and were they but as the dust and cinders of our feet, so long, as in that notion, they may yet serve to polish and brighten the armoury of truth: even for that respect they were not utterly to be cast away.'

To the second number Henry Lawrence contributed 'a long and very interesting chapter of Punjabee history'—recent history of the Punjab; the other contributors, besides the editor, being Mr. Marshman of the 'Friend of India,' Dr. Duff, and his colleague, the Rev. Thomas Smith. After this, Lawrence's contributions became more numerous. He generally 'furnished two or three papers to each number of the Review.' Mr. Kaye also tells us that he once undertook to supply to one number 'four articles, comprising 116 pages.' The historian, biographer, and critic, writes that 'his contributions were grand with matter of the best kind—important facts, accompanied by weighty opinions and wise suggestions.' Like other great men Lawrence was always deploring, and not without reason, his want of literary skill! Yet the editor generally considered his contributions as the most popular in the Review. His article on the 'Military Defence of our Indian Empire' evinced that knowledge which every true soldier ought to possess. He continued to the end of his life to contribute at intervals to the now well-established periodical, and was, when the rebellion of 1857 broke out, employed on a review of the 'Life of Sir John Malcolm' (in our opinion one of Mr. Kaye's greatest works), which he never lived to complete.<sup>1</sup>

We shall now give some brief extracts from the 'Calcutta Review,' from articles by Kaye, Lawrence, and Edwardes. The first three are from the editor's contribution on 'The Ameers of Sindh':—

'The Sindh Ameers, it is said, violated treaties. It would seem as though the British Government claimed to itself the exclusive right of breaking through engagements. If the violation of existing covenants ever involved, *ipso facto*, a loss of territory, the British Government in the east would not now possess a rood of land between Burhampooter and the Indus. . . . But the real cause of this chastisement of the Ameers consisted in the chastisement which the British had received from the Affghans. It was deemed expedient at this stage of the great

<sup>1</sup> Two elaborate reviews on the 'Life of Malcolm' afterwards appeared in the 'Calcutta.'

political journey, to show that the British could beat some one; and so it was determined to beat the Ameers of Sindh. It is true, that two victorious armies had marched upon Caubul through the eastern and western countries of Affghanistan, and carried everything before them, but it was deemed expedient immediately to withdraw those armies. . . . Far be it from us to say that British rule may not, in time, become a blessing. If we were not hopeful of better things—if we saw before us nothing but dreary stagnation—if we believed that the evils, of which we have endeavoured to give some intelligible exposition, were irremediable evils—evils inextricably and eternally interwoven with the whole fabric of Hindustani society, we should not have launched this Review into being.'

The last remark is significant as connected with periodical literature in India; so, before turning to the 'Howard of the Punjab'—the noble artillery colonel, Sir Henry Lawrence—for something striking, let us look for a moment into 'Contemporary Biography,'<sup>1</sup> where, beside the name of J. W. Kaye is written: 'English historical writer;' that he served in the Bengal Artillery from '1835 to '45;' that he entered the Home Civil Service of the East India Company in 1856, when he was appointed secretary to the Political and Secret Department, which highly important post he now holds in the India Office; and that he is author of 'The History of the War in Afghanistan,' 'Christianity in India,' 'History of the Indian Mutiny,' and other works. Sir John is, *par excellence*, the literary Knight Commander of the Star of India.<sup>2</sup>

The contributor, like the editor, was decidedly opposed to annexation. In his article on the 'Recent History of the Punjab,' Lawrence writes:—

'We are among those who believe that the ocean, the Indus and the Himalyas, will some day be our boundaries; but we have no desire to see that day hastened by events over which we have no control—much less to see interference forced upon the Punjab. We have now a good position on the frontier. Let it be still further strengthened with troops and material; let our own territories be rendered safe from insult, and the means be at hand of readily redressing any injury that may be offered; and we shall not soon find ourselves tempted to aggression.'

The following remarks are admirable; and in these unsettled times, both in India and England, we may take a lesson from them:—

'NATIONAL RESTLESSNESS.

'To be strong but placid in our strength, is the condition which we should endeavour to preserve. Restlessness often indicates, or seems to indicate, weakness: and nothing is more contagious than excitement. To be prepared is one thing; to be always making preparations is another. The former neither rouses the fears nor stimulates the presumption of our neighbours; the latter often operates in both directions, for whilst it betrays uneasiness, it suggests an apprehension that such uneasiness is dangerous.'

Germany, at the present time, conscious of her strength, is betraying wonderfully little 'restlessness' after conquest.

<sup>1</sup> 'Contemporary Biography,' by Frederick Martin. London: Macmillan & Co. 1870.—Sir John served from 1833 to 1845, *not* from 1835, as stated in this work.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Marshman is C.S.J.—a most worthy companion.



Our last extracts are from 'The Sikh Invasion of British India,' which appeared in the 'Calcutta Review' for September, 1846, by the admirable Sir Herbert Edwardes. Before the terrible victory of Ferozshah—the Indian Waterloo—took place, a bloody battle was fought on the 18th of December, 1845, at Múdkí. The weary foot-sore troops had dragged themselves on to this position, which they reached at noon—'and what a welcome sight met their view! Beneath the walls of the fort spread a wide clear tank of water; and the reader who has not the memory of that long march of twenty-one miles, with heavy sand under foot, and the air thick with the dust disturbed by 15,000 men, cannot paint the eagerness with which men and horses rushed to the bank, and tried to slake a thirst which seemed unquenchable.'

'Young ladies! languishing on your damask couches, you never sipped eau sucrée or lemonade out of a chrystal goblet that was to be compared to a greasy chako full of muddy Múdkí water. Between two and three o'clock . . . Major Broadfoot again galloped into camp with the news—this time true enough—that the enemy was advancing in force in front.'

Having finished their breakfasts, the whole army, after a march of unusual severity, 'turned out, as if fully recruited, to the battle.' We remember the following passage being much admired in India at the time of its appearance. It is very graphic, and would have done credit to the pen of Sir William Napier, and our best military writers:—

'A PICTURE AT MUDKI.

'Once more the Governor-General, with a courteous bow, that would have done honour to St. James's, waved his dashing staff over to the brave chief of that brave army, and then fell back upon the infantry. The artillery was in the centre of the front line, and the cavalry on either flank, the main body of the infantry in contiguous columns behind, and a reserve in rear of all. A mile and a half at least from their own camp did the British advance in this order before they came under the fire of the Sikh guns; but then the "long bowls" came bounding in among them with deadly aim, and that peculiar *whirr* which makes the young soldier "*bob*" his head.<sup>1</sup> Now tumbrils begin blowing up, and artillery men dropping from their saddles; the mutual roar of cannon reverberates over the plain, and smoke obscures the vision. Closer and closer approach the hostile armies; and a staff officer, almost simultaneously from right and left, gallops up to Sir Hugh with a report that the Sikh cavalry in clouds are turning both his flanks. Right and left he launches his own cavalry upon them; right and left their brilliant charge makes the enemy's horse give way. The British infantry deploy, and advance rapidly in line.'

Without any disparagement to our brave neighbours, it may be said that the Sikhs, during their invasion of British India—one of the most critical periods in Indian history—fought with more system and united determination than the French did in the Franco-German war.

<sup>1</sup> The present writer recollects General Godwin saying to the young gunners at Rangoon (capture of, in 1852)—'Don't "*bob*" your heads, men: you'll never hear the ball that hits you!'

Dr. Duff, the great Indian missionary and eloquent writer and speaker, contributed to the earlier numbers of the 'Calcutta' some splendid articles on the Khonds of Goomsur ; and the present writer, under the doctor's encouraging patronage, had the honour, among a few reviews and notices furnished to our Quarterly, to give the public some account of the 'Tributary Mehals of Orissa, and Recent Operations against Ungool.'

In the 'Calcutta Review' also appeared the first regular account of British connexion with the famous temple of Jagannáth in Orissa, written from official documents. Why will we still persist in calling it Jugger-naut? In *jagan*, 'the world,' and *náth*, 'lord' (in Sanskrit), how do we find such a horrible word? Orissa, from the famine which some years back nearly ruined this remarkable province, drew forth the sympathy of both India and England ; and the instructive work just published by Mr. Hunter will do much to keep up an interest in its welfare.

We cannot take farewell of the 'Calcutta Review' without thinking of Mr. Marshman's notes on the rivers of Bengal, and how he made the banks of the Hooghly interesting to us all, from vivid descriptions and memories of the past. And now we shall merely say to the favourite periodical, which has instructed and amused us so often in India, Go on, and prosper !—Lang's 'Meerut Review and Magazine' was announced for publication in August, 1846. Editing the 'Mofussilite' at Meerut, killed it at its birth. Mr. Lang had really not time to pay attention to the 'Review.' 'Of the success of such a periodical in the North-Western Provinces,' he wrote in the above year, 'we have no sort of doubt. We have not the slightest hesitation in saying that a profit, of at least 6,000 rupees (£600) *per annum* might be derived.'

At the end of the year 1848, there were seventeen lithographic presses established in the North-West Provinces, from which newspapers and other periodicals in the native languages were issued, independent of such as were conducted by the Christian missionaries. Of these journals three were in the Persian language, the Palace newspaper of afterwards treacherous Delhi being one ; three were in the Nagree character, and the rest were published in Oordoo. The Mussulmans were the chief patrons of periodical literature in the North-West. As the Mahomedan has always been famous for giving a flowing title to his Emperor, or Empress, or to their children—'Throne's Ornament,' 'Light of the World,' 'Light of the Seraglio,' and such like, so we find one of the North-West periodicals enjoying the title of 'The Chief of Newspapers ; valuable to good people, but a scourge to the wicked.' Proceeding to Calcutta, we find the 'Hindu Intelligencer,' at that time edited by a Hindu, though written in English, sneering at the 'Juggut Bondhu Patrika,' a journal conducted for and by the junior students of the Hindu College, 'who render into Bengali, with *raw attempts*, the essays



and lessons they read in their class studies ;' so we have yet hope of a native Lord Kames, or a Hindu Gifford or Jeffrey. The 'Friend of India' gave a curious piece of information about this time—that the main object of the native journals, published in the native language, 'by natives who have not embraced Christianity,' is to subvert the popular system of idolatry! In 1848-49, the Bengali publications of Calcutta were sixteen, at a monthly subscription varying from one rupee (2s.), to two annas (3d.). We must reserve for a concluding brief paper some matter we have yet in store on periodical literature in Bombay, Madras and Ceylon, particularly Anglo-Indian, which, through presenting our various thoughts and actions to the native mind, in the most truthful and attractive fashion, will surely, among Her Majesty's Hindu and Mahomedan subjects, produce what is so much desired—a healthy state of public opinion.

*(To be continued.)*

# A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN OF GENIUS.<sup>1</sup>

BY E. YAPP.

THE white-wigged ladies and gentlemen who were the elegance and fashion of the Paris of a century ago were wont to lounge in very different places to those patronised by the *beau monde* of our days. The ugly Boulevard du Temple, that now lies far beyond the last wave of fashion, given over to dingy shops and offices, where a great deal of hard business is driven, to big dusty warehouses belonging to rich Jewish merchants, and dull, old-fashioned apartments, inhabited by the rich Jewish merchants themselves, was one of the gay and favoured haunts in those times. It seems so odd to us now that we can hardly imagine the scene, or believe that society would ever have cared to spend its afternoons there; but nevertheless there it met and chatted, day after day, just a hundred years since. Scores of carriages went up and down, with swelling paniers of flowered silks, and pyramidal head-dresses topped with feathers rising within them, and scores of gentlemen in three-cornered hats and *perruques à queue* rode by their sides, or lounged on the side-walks, while the chairs that lined the way were all occupied in groups, the whole length of the promenade. On one spot, invariably the same, sat a row of old gentlewomen from the Marais, rouged up to their eyes, so stiff and straight in their seats that the young girls could scarcely look at them without laughing. Rouge could only be worn by ladies of the upper classes then, and these decayed gentlewomen were determined to make their privileges manifest. In their big, bare, faded homes down at the Marais they did absolutely nothing but play at loto from morning till night, and one of them, hearing that Monsieur de la Pérouse was going to sail round the world, exclaimed pettishly, 'Dear me, he must have very little to do!' And this was a standing joke for a long time on the Boulevard du Temple.

Near the end of the drive there was a garden, surrounded by covered seats, where a great deal of gay company used to congregate to talk over coffee and ices, and where there was a grand display of fireworks at the

<sup>1</sup> Souvenirs de Madame Vigée Le Brun, Charpentier et Cie.



end of each summer evening. Then there were the gardens of the Palais Royal, not shut in on all sides by colonnades as they are now, but larger and more silvan, with a shady avenue of great trees along one side, beneath which the *belle compagnie* used to assemble, magnificently dressed; the beautiful and too-celebrated Mademoiselle Duthé walking alone with her women friends in another part of the grounds, for however vicious the times may have been, no rigidity was too great in the observance of certain forms. The opera stood close to the Palais Royal then, indeed formed part of the palace itself, and in summer, when the performances were over at half-past eight, it was the fashion to walk in the gardens after leaving the theatre. It was more like a drawing-room than a garden at those hours. The ladies carried immense bouquets, and the warm air was filled with the scent of flowers and of the many perfumes and powders, perfumed too, that they wore in their hair; and one moonlight evening a musician, celebrated at the time, in jest, brought a violin and sung and played under the trees of the avenue. You may imagine how such street music was patronised by the loungers; the artiste's whim was just the one to captivate their refined and *blasé* taste. It had an immense success, a success that flew through the town. Other performers went to the Palais Royal evenings to do likewise, and the fancy became the rage. Carat, Alsevedo, and the famous violinist, St. Georges, became the *pifferari* of the gardens. People streamed out of the opera even before the end of the performance to listen to them, and the Palais Royal was not left solitary until long past midnight.

Lastly, but perhaps most in vogue, there was the Colisée. How completely the Colisée has been swept away!—swept away and forgotten. Its name still lingers as that of a street in the vicinity, but all association has long since dropped, and it is only through a mist of request memories, if at all, that one's fancy conjures up the circular in the Champs-Élysées, with its bright little lake on which smart boatmen carry on jousts during the day, its winding paths shaded with trees and bordered with flowers and seats, its fashionable visitors and its handsome women, its pagodas and its concert-room, where, as the sun goes down the musicians are tuning their instruments in the great orchestra, and on the steps the Duc de Chartres, and a score or two of other elegant *roués* are lounging. This flight of steps is the place where the young men assemble to watch the pretty women go up and down, and to launch stinging epigrams at every vulnerable point they know of, with an insolence of wit and pitiless scorn that is nevertheless permitted, nay, regularly received. The Duc de Chartres, afterwards Philippe Egalité, is leaning on the arm of the Marquis de Guilis, the companion of his insolence and dissipation, and flinging his wit shafts right and left, when

down the steps comes a girl of eighteen, with a very sweet and beautiful face, accompanied by her mother, as fair almost as she. 'Oh! of this one, there is nothing to say,' says the Duke, gently, and the girl's face blushes with a pride and pleasure which she remembered throughout her life.

This young girl, before whom even the sarcasm of Chartres fell powerless, was Mademoiselle Elizabeth Louise Vigée; to become afterwards renowned in art under the name of Madame Vigée-Lebrun. Young as she then was she was already making herself a place among the portrait painters of the time, already discussed and criticised, but more lauded than either, and the pretty hands filled with work, while she was so charming in face and figure, that even among the beautiful women who assembled in these gardens she attracted general attention, 'to such an extent indeed that I was a great deal more embarrassed than flattered by it,' she writes in her memoirs after telling of her beauty with naïve conceit. But she was a very old lady, with hair as white as snow, when she wrote those memoirs, so we must forgive her these touches of vanity.

This woman-artist appears as the type of all that was bright and facile in that age of brilliant men and women. She had beauty and genius, a vivid imagination, lively wit, charm of manner, and a gift that seemed still more especial to her than all these—that of enjoying intensely all that was beautiful in art, whatever form it took, or whatever school it belonged to, so long as it was beautiful; in music and in nature, whether gentle or stormy; in books and conversation—the bright and intellectual conversation of those who gathered round her. Every one of note, from Louis the King, and Talma the actor, knew Madame Lebrun, and had been present one time or other at those little suppers of hers of which the *menu* was as plain and limited as the guests were great and numerous. When the meat failed at the Scarrons' table, the fact furnished fun and laughter for the whole meal; and I think that something of the same kind must often have happened at Madame Lebrun's when she retained more of her guests than usual. There was invariably the same number of *plats*, one of poultry, one of fish, and one of vegetables, with a salad to wind up the repast. But, as to her guests, their name was legion. There were the Maréchale de Noailles and the witty Chevalier de Boufflers, and Vicomte de Ségur, with Madame Lebrun's intimate friends the Marquises de Tabran and de Grollier, and a number of other pleasant faces and pleasant talkers from Court; Prince Henry of Prussia, who used to take his violin with him and play divinely; the pianists Hulmandel and Cramer; Salentin and his hautbois; the marvellous violinist Viotti, and Jarnovick and Maestrino almost as celebrated as he; Le Brun the poet; the clever and amiable Abbé Delille; Talma, and the great sculptor Chandet; Grétry, Sacchini, and Martini, the com-



posers ; Garat, Asvédo, and Richer, of the beautiful voices. Garat was one of the most admirable singers, not only of his time, but of all those who ever lived, and he was one of the artists in ordinary of Madame Lebrun's. And as all the great musical friends of hers eagerly contributed their part, there was some of the best music in Paris to be heard in the little set of rooms of the Rue de Cléry. The young hostess was passionately fond of music, and sometimes sang a little herself ; her voice had had scarcely any culture, but it was very agreeable, and Grétry used to tell her that there were silvery tones in it, so, made bold by his praise, she would sing as gaily and frankly as she did everything else. Her sister-in-law, Madame Todi, had an exquisite voice, and was an invaluable element in these impromptu concerts, which got to be talked about all over the town and Court.

But, as I have said, there was a great deal of pleasant talk as well as music at the pretty painter's house, and a great variety of guests assembled there almost each evening. Seigneurs and ladies of Marie Antoinette's court, men of letters, art, and fashion, filled the little rooms so closely that Marshals of France were sometimes obliged to sit on the ground for want of seats ; and one evening the Maréchal de Noailles, who was old and fat, had the greatest difficulty to get up again. From among all these Madame Le Brun chose '*les plus aimables*' to invite to her suppers. Suppers had almost entirely taken the place of dinners in Paris at that time, being infinitely preferred, as being lighter, brighter, and merrier. Indeed, they had become world-wide in their celebrity. Elizabeth Le Brun writes glowingly 'that no one can judge of what was society in France, who has not known the time when, the business of the day over, twelve or fifteen persons met at a lady's house to finish their evening there.' The ease and gentle gaiety that reigned at these light repasts of the evening gave them a charm that dinners never can have.

A sort of confidence and intimacy existed amongst the guests ; and, as people of refined manners can always banish ceremony with impunity, it was in its suppers that Paris society showed itself superior to any in England.

The rigorous simplicity of her supper-table, round which so many grand friends pressed, was not actuated by poverty, as that of the joyous debt-laden Scarron often was. Her painting had already made her a rich woman, but Monsieur Lebrun appropriated all his young wife's louis d'or as they rolled in, leaving her barely pin-money enough. This succeeded in annoying her sometimes, but, in truth, the young artist knew as much about money or how to use it as a child, and in her secret heart she was well pleased that her house owed nothing of its vogue to luxury or riches. This was not vulgar vanity ; she delighted in being liked, was happy to know that she was pretty, but she never cared for

dress or personal adornments, except on one or two peculiar occasions that I shall tell you of by-and-bye, and always gathered the prettiest and pleasantest women about her. At Madame Lebrun's house politics were never talked; they were becoming a dangerous subject then, burning fiercely all those who dabbled in them. Pretty Madame Vigée-Lebrun, with all her artistic genius and facile wit, was by no means a woman of strong intelligence and profound mind. To her sunny and social nature, gay and refined society, in those hours which the indefatigable pursuit of her art allowed her, was an absolute want; and, celebrated as she became through her art, liked and admired as she was in herself, she enjoyed, throughout the greater part of her life, such society as has been vouchsafed to few.

When the Revolution strode on, shaking the earth as it came, and Madame Roland and Madame de Staël had become the inspired sibyls of their circles, wit and music and the *anecdote du jour* were still being talked of in Madame Vigée-Lebrun's little *salons*. Then, when the storm broke out, the light-hearted artist was utterly stricken with terror. With her, it all resolved itself into that one feeling; and, on the momentous 5th of October of the year '89, with her heart throbbing with fear and pain, and her eyes streaming with tears for the unhappy king and queen, who had that day been brought from Versailles, in the midst of a wild armed multitude, she fled with her little girl to Italy.

But this is outrunning by eighteen years the day when Madlle. Vigée promenaded, as a girl of eighteen, the gardens of the Colisée. Elizabeth Vigée was the daughter of a pastel-painter of moderate talent, who very soon noticed the little girl's singular aptitude for drawing; and there was a certain sketch of a bearded man which always remained in Madame Lebrun's portfolio, and which she had drawn one evening when the whole family—she and her father and mother and baby brother—were gathered round the lamp. When the sketch was finished, the little girl—she was about seven then—held it up to her father, and he cried out with delight, 'You will be a painter, *mon enfant*, if ever there has been one in the world;' and the artist always liked to remember, in after years, the kind father's prophecy. M. Vigée adored his daughter, petting and indulging her in everything, always ready to laugh and jest with her. Indeed, he was never anything but easy and merry-hearted; too much so sometimes for his wife's repose and comfort. She was gentle and pious, and her husband looked up to her and loved her as a saint, but he often failed to withstand that terrible gaiety of his. At six years old, little Elizabeth Vigée went to school at a convent, and filled the books and copy-books and convent walls with impromptu sketches, and the nuns' hearts with irritation. Then, as her health was delicate, she was often taken home for a time, and these holiday days—happy days—were spent



in her father's studio, where she revelled, wild with delight, amongst the pencils, brushes, and colours. In fact, she was always drawing, and one wonders how she could have found time to pick up all the varied information she possessed. But she was wonderfully quick, and, though adoring her art with an intensity that delighted and impassioned her throughout her life, she yet took deep pleasure in subjects both touching it and foreign to it, and, an artist to the heart's core, she possessed herself of such knowledge as a subject-painter finds of necessity, but which seldom accompanies the talent of a portraitist.

At this early time, Mdlle. Vigée already began to taste some of the sweets of society; her father, whom everyone liked, used constantly to gather round his supper table a number of literary men, poets and painters; many of them were not very great in their art, but none were invited who could not be witty and gay, and Elizabeth, who always quitted the table before the meal was over, would lie in her little bed, listening, with ears strained, to the songs and laughter, and gracefully-turned verses that were heard there.

When, at eleven years old, Elizabeth Vigée left the convent for good, and installed herself among the easels and colour-boxes of the Bohemian home, she was the Ugly Duckling of the family. Her brother was *beau comme un ange*, but the young girl had an enormous forehead, and looked so pale and thin and weak, that Madame Vigée was inconsolable at her plainness. Three years later, men, and women too, turned to look at the mother and daughter, as they passed in the public gardens. The metamorphosis had taken place, and Mdlle. Vigée was radiantly pretty.

Poor Elizabeth had only enjoyed one year of her free, merry, home-life, when her father and dearest companion died, and she was left in bitter grief. Even her cherished art, through associated memories, was pain to her, and she could scarcely be induced to touch a pencil. Nevertheless, her mother conjectured rightly that that influence would still be the best to divert her daughter from her sorrow, and with this idea took her to all the picture-galleries, public and private, of the capital. The Regent's collection in the Palais Royal, the greater part of which was bought later during the Revolution, by Lord Stafford, and a number of other galleries belonging to wealthy noblemen, were magnificent at that period, and she, whose child's heart beat hard with delightful excitement when her father's friends talked enthusiastically of painting, and who, years afterwards, remained so long on her knees before the cartoons of Raphael ranged along the floor at Hampton Court, that the attendant approached, full of anxiety and curiosity, to investigate the reason of the lady's unprecedented devotion, could not stand indifferent, or even very sorrow-laden, in the presence of *chef-d'œuvres*, and her eyes feasted with delight as she passed slowly from one to another, learning precious

lessons as she went. Rubens and Rembrandt, Raphael and Perugino, Vandyke with his delicate portraits, Greuze with his soft female faces, taught her, as she studied or copied them, as if they had been her living masters. They were, indeed, almost the only ones she had. When she first took up her pencils again after her father's death, she worked in the evening with a young friend, pretty Mdlle. Boquet, whose head fell on the scaffold in the Reign of Terror; her crime being that she had given a little fête at her château to celebrate the marriage of a friend, and had 'burnt the candles of the nation,' the revolutionists said, and so she was condemned to the guillotine. The two girls sat together in the evening at Mdlle. Boquet's house, and drew any bust or beautiful object they could get from the shop down stairs, for M. Boquet was a dealer in objects of art and curiosity. Then, in the day-time, they often went to draw and paint in Briard's studio at the Louvre. Briard had been a friend of Mdlle. Vigée's father, and though he was an indifferent painter, he was a good draughtsman. Besides, he had numbers of casts from the antique in his studio, and there the two girls, in company with half-a-dozen other pupils, worked away energetically all day, having their dinner with them in a little basket, and regaling themselves particularly upon some *bœuf à la mode*, which they bought from one of the *concierges* of the Louvre, and which Madame Le Brun declared to the end of her life, was the best she ever tasted.

Precious as the hours in that studio were to her, Briard had but little hand in her progress, and with Briard began and ended the list of her actual teachers.

All else she learned through her own rare aptitude, through words of advice which the great painters of the time all readily afforded her, and everyone of which fell upon fertile ground and fructified. '*Mon enfant*,' said Joseph Vernet, whose acquaintance she owed to the remarks made in the artistic world of her wonderfully rapid progress in art. '*Mon enfant*, follow no one system or no one school. Study the works of the great Italian and Flemish masters, but above all, paint as much as possible from nature; nature is the first and best of all masters.' And Elizabeth Vigée followed this and other advice so well and so ardently, that she was already earning money with her portrait-painting at fifteen, and a little more than a year later, she painted a portrait of her mother, which created a great sensation, and the Duchesse de Chartres, besides other ladies of the royal family, applied to her for portraits. Mdlle. Vigée's room overlooked the terrace of the Palais Royal, from which the young duchess, as she walked there with her ladies, often glanced up with interest and admiration at the pretty girl-artist; and when the portrait was finished, the duchess spoke in such praise of her to her friends, that one by one nearly all the noble ladies of the Faubourg



St. Germain came in turn to visit her studio, and the young painter was soon busy enough. Demands for portraits began to flow in upon her, the numbers of these increasing as rapidly as her reputation. Her talent grew indeed most wonderfully; the child seemed suddenly to have become a known artist; before twenty, Mdlle. Vigée had painted a hundred and sixteen portraits, and she was only just out of her teens when she had the honour of a visit from the *Secrétaire Perpétuel* of the Academy, d'Alembert, who in acknowledgment of her talent, came himself to thank her for the portraits of La Bruyère and the Cardinal de Fleury, which she had presented to the Institute, and to beg her to accept a seat at their next meeting, to all of which she was henceforth to have free admittance.

It was not long after this that Mdlle. Vigée, who had then become Madame Le Brun, was present at one of the meetings of the Academy, when La Harpe read an ode on feminine talent, in which there was an excessive eulogium of Madame Le Brun, not only praising her genius but naming her a modern Rosalba of beauty and brilliancy, with the voice of Favart and the smile of Venus. Madame Le Brun had not heard of the verses beforehand, and as the poet spoke he looked towards her and everyone in the hall, the Duchess de Chartres and the King of Sweden, who were present with the rest, rose and turned towards her, applauding with all their might, while pretty Madame Le Brun almost fainted with the confusion of pleasure, surprise and emotion. Eight years later, she herself became a member of the Academy, and subsequently of those of Rouen, Avignon, Saint Luc, Rome, Arcadia, Parma, Bologna, St. Petersburg, Berlin and Geneva.

While Mdlle. Vigée's young reputation was growing, people in the highest circles of society sought introductions to her, and as she was then acquainted with the great artists of the time, the number of her friends swelled rapidly, and she had more invitations than she could respond to. The bright girl-artist was a petted guest in a dozen pleasant salons; at Madame de Geofrin's, historical in its celebrity, at Lemoine's, the sculptor, in whose big studio a crowd of celebrated men assembled, at the Princesse de Rohan-Rochefort's, about whose supper-table the brilliant and amiable Duc de Lauzun, and a dozen other noblemen of his stamp, the Duc de Choiseul and the Cardinal de Rohan, the superb Comtesse de Brionne, and her daughter, the Princesse de Lorraine, tried who could be wittiest and pleasantest, and where Elizabeth Vigée sat, silent as yet, enthralled by the charm of their conversation. It was at Lemoine's that Mdlle. Elizabeth went to her first dinner-party, followed fast by many others; but she soon gave up dining out altogether. Dinners were earlier in those days, and the hours of daylight were too precious to her to waste, and, moreover, one day when she was engaged

to dine with the Princesse de Rohan-Rochefort, the young girl was all ready dressed in a new white satin gown, when suddenly a thought struck her with regard to a portrait she had in hand, and running into her studio, she began eyeing it critically, seating herself as she did so upon a chair upon which she had placed a wet palette an hour before. The pretty white satin dress was spoiled of course, and Mdlle. Elizabeth had to stay at home, whereupon she made up her mind to refuse all future invitations to dinner, and steadfastly adhere to her resolve.

Beautiful as Elizabeth Vigée was, wearing the double charm of youth and talent, there were naturally not a few among the gay young men of that time who had their faces painted by her for the sole reason of admiring her own. When the young artist perceived that this was the case, she always chose an attitude *à regards perdus*, in which the sitter looks away from the painter; and whenever the glance came round towards the pretty face of the worker and her little earnest fingers, she would cry out 'I am at the eyes,' and the looks had to go off and lie *perdus* again. Of course her subjects were terribly discomforted at this, while Mdlle. Vigée hid her merry triumph; and her mother, who was always present at these sittings, and was in the secret, laughed heartily to herself.

There was one dismal feature, and a very intrusive one, in these years of her girlhood. Her father had left no fortune; and although Mdlle. Elizabeth was soon able to earn large sums of money, yet as she was the sole support of her family, and there were the expenses of her young brother's education to defray, the charge became too heavy a one, and her mother, with the sole regard to her interests, accepted the hand of a rich jeweller, who turned out not only to be a very disagreeable man, but moreover miserly to excess—a vice which Mdlle. Vigée was signally destined to suffer from. He scarcely allowed them enough for the necessaries of life, though Mdlle. Vigée relinquished all her earnings to him at first, in spite of her old friend, Joseph Vernet's repeated and angry remonstrances; glad, for her mother's sake, to maintain, at any rate, peace thereby at home. But this wretched addition to the family could not mar all Mdlle. Elizabeth's light-heartedness; her own happy temperament, her art, in which she revelled with all the capacity of her bright fancy, the society she enjoyed, with the many and lasting friendships it brought her, consoling her in this as they were to compensate her later for the domestic happiness of which her married life was almost entirely void, and which she was not perhaps one to build about her.

Mdlle. Vigée was by no means inclined to marry when her mother blindly and foolishly pressed upon her the offer of M. Le Brun, a great amateur in painting, who had made Mdlle. Vigée's acquaintance by obligingly lending to her from his gallery of pictures some magnificent



works which he had learned she wished to copy. Bearing a name which was already becoming known to the world, her future assured by the large income which she was able to make, and joyous possessor of her twenty summers, the idea of becoming Madame Le Brun was far from alluring to her. But she so disliked living with her disagreeable step-father, that she finally consented, thus throwing herself from Charybdis into Scylla; for although M. Le Brun was neither ill-tempered nor ungentlemanly, he was as grasping as her own step-father; and, more than this, had a passion for the gaming-table and other dissipations such as that age was well calculated to breed and foster. So poor Mdle. Vigée paid dearly for her imprudence. M. Le Brun began at once to possess himself of the large sums which were paid to his wife for her portraits, going once so far as to refuse her two *louis* which she asked to keep out of twelve thousand francs he had just received for her. Once only, when her husband was absent from Paris, did Madame Le Brun obtain for herself the whole price for a picture, and M. Le Brun often neglected altogether to inform her of moneys he had received in her name, and which he put immediately into speculations of his own. When his wife left France he had dissipated every *écu* she had earned, and she had made more than a million of francs. It is true that she was, as I have said before, as careless and ignorant with money as a child, and I doubt whether her husband's rapacity ever caused her more than a few moments' trouble and regret. She had her carriage, her studio, her little suite of rooms, which were all her own, in the midst of her husband's big gilded apartments, and this was sufficient for the groundwork of her pleasure. In her own dress, too, her tastes were most inexpensive and simple; she always wore white, generally either of muslin or cashmere; and while all the world wore pyramids of powdered hair and perruques, feathers and flowers, hats, castles, and even frigates on their heads, Madame Le Brun arranged her hair herself under a simple head-dress—usually a light gauze veil twisted into her hair, as she has it in her portrait at the Louvre, leaving its colour undisguised.

The artist used all her efforts to introduce some of this simplicity into the dress of those whom she painted. She detested the costume of the time, with its puffings and powder, buckram and tight-lacing; and whenever she could gain the confidence of her '*modèles*' she would drape them in broad scarfs, lightly placed about the figure and arms. She obtained from the handsome Duchesse de Grammont-Caderousse that while sitting for her portrait she would wear her hair, which was as black as jet, without any powder, and falling in curls on her neck—the very antithesis of the fashion. And because of the sittings being prolonged until the hour of dinner, and perhaps because the duchesse became secretly enamoured of her new coiffure, she used to leave her hair as

Madame Le Brun's artistic fingers had placed it, and being a very pretty and a very fashionable woman, the new style was imitated, admired, and finally became the rage.

In 1786, when Madame Le Brun was painting a portrait of the queen, she begged her to wear her hair without powder, and parted over the forehead. 'I shall be the last to follow that fashion,' said Marie Antoinette, laughingly, 'it will be sure to be said of me that I did it to hide my great forehead.' Madame Le Brun painted a great many portraits of the queen at different times. When first the young artist, scarcely four-and-twenty, found herself in the presence of the superb, queen-like sovereign of France, she felt terribly timid; but Marie Antoinette's gentle voice and manner, her sweet affability, placed her at her ease at once, and won her heart for ever to the royal and unfortunate lady. It is interesting to read once again in the painter's assurances, of that beauty whose memory will last as long as history. 'Marie Antoinette was tall,' writes Madame Le Brun, 'admirably formed, with just enough *embonpoint*. Her arms were superb, her hands small, perfect in form, and her feet charming.' Then, after recalling feature after feature, the proud countenance with which we are all so familiar, the artist adds that 'that which was still most remarkable in her face was the brilliancy of her complexion. I have never seen any so brilliant; the skin was so transparent that no shadow seemed to remain upon it. I could not render it as I wished; colours seemed to fail me with which to paint the freshness and delicacy of the tints which appeared in this charming face, and which I have never seen equalled in any other woman.'

The artist delights to tell of the queen's affable manners. One day Madame Le Brun, who was unwell at the time, expecting, indeed, the birth of her second child, was unable to keep her appointment at Versailles. The royal carriages were standing in the courtyard, waiting for the queen to drive out, when she hastened to the palace on the following day to excuse herself, and one of the gentlemen in waiting received her with a very frigid manner, saying, angrily, that it was yesterday that her Majesty had expected her, that her Majesty was sure to drive out, and would certainly give her no sitting that day; but the queen had her at once into her drawing-room, where the artist found her with her daughter, little Madame Royale, who was repeating a lesson to her mother, while the queen's toilette was being concluded. Madame Le Brun was rather nervous about the breach of etiquette she had committed the day before, but Marie Antoinette turned towards her, saying in her sweetest voice, 'I expected you all yesterday morning; did anything happen?' 'Alas, Madame,' answered Madame Le Brun, 'I was so unwell that I could not respond to your Majesty's commands. I have come to-day to receive



them, and I leave again directly.' But the queen would not hear of her journey being made for nothing, and, relinquishing her drive, said she would sit to her at once. In her haste to open and arrange her colours, Madame Le Brun upset the whole of her box on the floor. '*Laissez, laissez,*' cried the queen, as the artist stooped down to repair her awkwardness, 'you are not in a condition for such exertion.' And the queen insisted upon picking up everything herself.

Marie Antoinette occupied herself constantly with the care of imparting to her children those kind and gracious manners she loved. Madame Royale was six years old at the time when Madame Vigée Le Brun was painting this portrait at Versailles, and the lady-artist was once present at a dinner at which the princess was entertaining a little peasant girl, whom the princess was to care and provide for. The queen was busy superintending the repast, teaching her little girl the gracious duties of a hostess, and requiring that the little peasant should be helped first, showing her daughter how that 'it was she who was to do the honours.'

In 1786 Madame Le Brun completed a very pretty portrait of the queen, in a straw hat and simple muslin dress, and this picture, which was exhibited in the *Salon* of that year, brought about an event of interest. Towards the end of the season, a little piece, called the *Réunion des Arts*, was produced at the theatre of the Vaudeville, and some friends of Madame Le Brun's, who had secretly concerted with the author of the comedy, took Madame Le Brun to see it on the first night. When the curtain drew up, and the actress personifying Painting appeared upon the stage, Madame Le Brun perceived to her astonishment that the actress was made up so as to imitate herself to a marvellous degree, and represented her as painting the famous portrait of the queen. At this, everyone in the house turned towards Madame Le Brun's box, applauding her madly. Rarely had talent—talent such as hers, which communicated itself neither in spoken words nor in song—brought such great and public homage to a woman, and never in all the artist's life was she so touched and thrilled as by the ovation of that night.

Besides the numerous portraits of the queen, Madame Le Brun painted in succession almost all the members of the royal family; the queen's children, the king's sister, Madame Elizabeth, and Monsieur, the king's brother; Madame, and the Comtesse d'Artois. The king and his youngest brother, the Comte d'Artois, alone, did not sit to the clever artist; it was by chance, or rather by the terrible course of events, that she was never to count Louis the Sixteenth among her *modèles*. He himself had desired it; in '89, when Madame Le Brun had fled to Italy, the members of the king's family begged him earnestly to sit for his portrait, but his answer always was, that he would wait for Madame Le

Brun's return, 'and then she shall paint my portrait as a companion to that of the queen; a full-length portrait, representing me as giving to M. de la Pérouse my sanction to make the tour of the world.'

Monsieur, afterwards Louis the Eighteenth pleased the lady-painter excessively with his pleasant converse. 'He talked on every subject with as much taste as learning,' she writes in her *memoire*. But sometimes, to vary, doubtless, the monotony of the sittings, he had the unlucky idea of singing her some songs, very stupid songs, too, and so frightfully out of tune that Madame Le Brun's musical ear was put to the torture. He asked her one day how she thought he sang.

'Like a prince, monseigneur,' answered Madame le Brun with ready tact.

Among these court portraits, Madame Le Brun painted that of the gentle Princesse de Lamballe, whose fate was destined to be so horrible, and entirely through her own devotion, for she was at Turin, far from all danger, when she heard of the queen's peril, and returned at once to her royal friend's side and to her own awful death.

I have not yet spoken of the time when Marie Antoinette was first seen by Madame Le Brun—for the artist had already been in her presence once, when she tremblingly assumed her brushes and palette before the grand Queen of Versailles. It was in the beautiful grounds of the country palace of Marly-le-Roi. Madame Le Brun was strolling through them with her mother, when suddenly they came in sight of the queen, who was walking in the park with some of her ladies. 'They were all dressed in white,' wrote the artist afterwards, 'and looked so young and so pretty, that they seemed to me like some wondrous apparition.' Madame Le Brun was moving hastily away, when the queen went up to her and begged her to continue her walk whenever it pleased her.

The last time that Madame Vigée Le Brun painted her royal *modèle* was for a large picture, in which the queen was represented with her three children. This was at the end of 1787, when Marie-Antoinette, the king, the court and all royalty and monarchy were becoming the objects of a thousand calumnies, the fore-runners of a growing tempest of scorn, defiance, and hatred. Madame Le Brun finished the picture for the exhibition of the following spring, and even the gilt frame, which was sent first, sufficed to excite a multitude of bitter remarks. 'There is the deficit!' cried some, amidst other things, so stinging that Madame Le Brun was in agony as to the reception of her work—not for the sake of that work alone. On the day her painting was sent to the exhibition she dare not go herself to ascertain its fate, but shutting herself in her room, and throwing herself on her knees in a fever of fear, she prayed passionately to God for the welfare of 'her royal family.' An hour or



two later her brother and a crowd of friends came to tell her that her picture had been received with universal approbation.

After the exhibition was over the king had the painting taken to Versailles, and M. d'Angevilliers, who was then Minister of Fine Arts, and director of the royal palaces, presented the painter herself to the king. Louis the Sixteenth talked to her a long time in his kind and pleasant way, told her how pleased he was with the picture, and then added, as he turned to look again upon the portraits of his wife and children:—

‘I know nothing about painting, but you make me love it.’

A few days afterwards, M. d'Angevilliers went to inform Madame Le Brun that the king wished to present her with the order of Saint-Michel, an honour which had never been accorded to a woman, and only to men who held the highest places in art and letters. But as the court itself was calumniated, so was there no one who touched it or received ought of its favours whom calumny did not strive to blacken, and in Madame Le Brun's case, the cause for persecution was increased by envy, and she had to bear the most odious attacks, sometimes even from those whose gentler nurture and position in society ought to have instilled into them more delicacy and dignity. Thus, when this exceeding honour was brought for her acceptation, Madame Le Brun was afraid; and resisting alike her gratitude, pleasure, and pride, begged M. d'Angevilliers to use all his efforts that the king should relinquish the idea of according her so great a favour. But a few years later, when a fêted guest in Vienna, she heard that her king and queen had perished on the scaffold, the thought of her cowardice in that refusal caused her poignant pain, as she recurred, as she loved to do, to the king's constant marks of goodness towards her.

The picture of the royal mother and her children was placed in one of the rooms of Versailles, through which Marie-Antoinette used to pass on her way to and from mass. In the early part of the year 1789, the eldest son, the first Dauphin, died, and the sight of the picture affected the queen so cruelly, that she requested M. d'Angevilliers to have it removed; but, with her thoughtful kindness, she immediately sent to inform Madame Le Brun of the removal, and of the motives that had actuated the change. If it had not been for this pain and its result, the work had never probably survived the Revolution, for the savage crowd that came to seek the king and queen at Versailles would surely not have left it unscathed if they had found it on their passage. It would have shared the treatment of Marie-Antoinette's bed, which was pierced through and through in a hundred places.

These tales of king and queen have carried me on through many years, far away from that early time of Elizabeth's marriage, with its triumphs and mingled mortifications. The demands made to her for

portraits were too numerous for her to satisfy ; and yet M. Le Brun, with a view of increasing her income, persuaded her to take some pupils. So the artist had a huge loft fitted up as a studio, and there began her lessons. But the teaching scheme did not last long, for while, on the one hand, the task of correcting faulty attempts at heads and hands was very wearying to the painter, especially as her own beloved brushes were lying idle meanwhile in her deserted studio, on the other hand, all her pupils, with the exception of Mdlle. Roux de la Ville, were older than herself, and Madame Le Brun, with her pretty face and childlike ways, was certainly not formed to inspire them with respectful awe. One day when the mistress made her entrance among her pupils, she found they had fastened a cord to one of the beams of the roof, and were swinging one another, amidst peals of laughter. The mistress put on a very serious air, began reading them a superb lecture upon loss of time, and then—thought she would just try the swing, and seating herself upon it was soon enjoying it more than anyone else. I do not know whether this was the climax, but at any rate, Madame Le Brun shortly afterwards gave up her pupils, and in spite of her interest in Mdlle. Emilie—who was a clever little student, already drawing in pastil so prettily that Madame Le Brun predicted the success which she afterwards attained—was heartily glad of the relief.

Two years after her marriage, her little girl—her *petite brunette*, as she used afterwards to call her—came into the world, and, for a time, Madame Le Brun forgot everything, even her beloved painting, in the delight of her motherhood.

The number of portraits painted by Madame Vigée Le Brun was truly prodigious. The difficulty of being put down in her list naturally made that achievement the one thing desired, and to be painted by Madame Le Brun became fairly the rage. Before she left France, in '89—then in her thirty-fourth year—she had painted four hundred and seventy portraits and duplicates. Nor did the artist consent to paint all those who came to her, especially those whose faces were unpleasing or expressionless. And she persisted pitilessly in her excuses to two important personages, a gentleman and his daughter, I think—but I quote from a *souvenir* read long ago—who were so plain that neither the eagerness of their wishes, nor the golden liberality of their offers, could persuade her.

She often had as many as three sittings in one day, but this excess of work began to tell upon her health, although she was full of strength and energy ; and friends and physician enforced the promise of a daily siesta. So, every afternoon Madame Le Brun closed her curtains against her impatience, and forced herself to take a short repose, which she used to call *son calme*, and to which she owed her long-continued capabilities of working, and even her life, she used to aver.



Her evenings she almost invariably spent in society, at her own house or at those of her friends, who were numerous, pleasant, and great, as we have seen. Sometimes it was a ball, 'which was not a stifling crush as a ball is now-a-days,' wrote Madame Le Brun, in her souvenirs of those days and those evenings, than to which none, in her estimation, could ever in any way approach. 'Eight persons alone formed the *contre danse*, and the women who could not dance could at least see those who did, as the men stood up behind them.' But Madame Le Brun never cared for dancing, although she sometimes enjoyed looking on at the figures and *pas*, which were a refined and finished accomplishment in that time. She much preferred the houses where conversation and music formed the amusements of the evening. Private theatricals, too, were especial favourites with her and her friends; in Madame Le Brun's own immediate circle a little company was formed, and played operettes and comedies together. She herself acted the soubrettes, her sister-in-law sang and played admirably as First Lady, and her brother was thought irresistible as Young Lover. All acquitted themselves well with the exception of Talma. Yes! Talma was one of their troupe, but walked their little amateur stage so stiffly, was so awkward and embarrassed, that he caused them some anxiety and no little amusement. Great, indeed, was the surprise of all when Talma surpassed one after another the admirable actors of the time, and stood unparalleled, except by John Kemble. I have already spoken of the beautiful music which was heard at Madame Vigée Le Brun's own house, and you have not forgotten her suppers—'*où l'on ne parlait jamais politique*'—where the dishes were simple and the guests celebrated. One of these suppers, as it so happened, was talked of from Paris to Petersburg, and I shall tell it you just as Madame Le Brun told it herself, in her own words:—

'One day I had invited some twelve or fifteen persons to hear some verses by the poet Le Brun—Pindare; my brother, read aloud to me during *mon calme*, a few pages out of the "*Travels of Anacharsis*." When he came to the description of a Greek dinner, in which the mode of preparing several sauces was given, he exclaimed "You might introduce those into your suppers this evening." I forthwith called in my cook, put her *au courant*, arranged with her that a certain Greek sauce should be made for the fowls and another for the eels. As I expected some very pretty women, the idea occurred to me that we would dress ourselves in Greek costumes, so as to surprise M. de Vandénil and M. de Boutin, who were to arrive, I knew, at ten o'clock. My studio stored with all the draperies which I had used in my portraits, would provide the materials, and the Comte de Parois, whose apartments were in the same house as ours, had a splendid collection of Etruscan vases. He happened to call upon me that same afternoon, and when I communicated my

project to him, he ran immediately to fetch me a number of cups and vases, amongst which I made a choice, and dusting and polishing all these objects myself, arranged them on a long mahogany table that was laid without a table-cloth. When this was done, I placed behind the chairs (they were ranged only one side of the table, and at the two ends) an immense screen, which I covered carefully with draperies, looped up at regular intervals as in the pictures of Nicolas Poussin; a lamp suspended from the ceiling shed a strong light upon the table. Everything was prepared, including the costumes, when Joseph Vernet's daughter, pretty Madame Chalgrin, made her appearance, and I immediately transformed her coiffure and dress. Then came the second arrival, Madame de Bonneuil, who was remarkable for her beauty, and Madame Vigée, my sister-in-law, who, although far less pretty, had the most beautiful eyes in the world; in a few minutes stood all three, metamorphosed into veritable Athenian women. Le Brun-Pindare,<sup>1</sup> the poet next appeared, and he had to shake the powder from his hair and undo his side curls, and I then placed upon his flowing locks a laurel crown, with which I had just been painting little Prince Henry Labomirski as *Amour de la gloire*. The Comte de Varois had a great crimson cloak that served to drape my poet, whom I transformed from Pindare into Anacreon.

'Next the Marquis de Culières arrived, and while he sent home for a guitar, which he had had mounted as a golden lyre, I arranged his costume and those of M. de Rivière, the *chargé d'affaires* for the Court of Saxony, and Guinguevé, the historian, and the famous sculptor, Chandet.

'It was getting late, and I had little time to give to myself, but as I always wore white dresses cut in the form of tunics, or blouses as they are now called, a long white veil and a wreath of flowers in my hair were all I needed. I paid special attention to my little girl, an extremely pretty child, and to Mdle. de Bonueuil, now Madame Regnault d'Angely, who was beautiful as an angel. They were both charming to see, each holding a light antique vase, and ready to fill our cups.

'At half-past nine the preparations were completed, and when we had all taken our seats the effect of our table was so new, so picturesque, that we each left our places in turn to gaze upon those who remained seated. At ten o'clock we heard the carriage of the Comte de Vaudreuil and M. de Boutin drive into the courtyard, and when the two gentlemen approached the folding-doors of the *salle à manger*, which I had opened wide, they discovered us singing Glück's chorus, "The God of Paphos and Cuide," while the Marquis de Culières accompanied us on his "lyre." Never in all my life have I seen two faces so astonished, so stupefied, as were those of M. de Vaudreuil and his friend! They were so surprised

<sup>1</sup> This was no relation, I believe, of M. Le Brun, her husband.



and charmed, that they remained some minutes before they could make up their minds to take the places we had reserved for them.

'Besides the two dishes of which I have already spoken, we had a Greek cake, made of honey and currants, and two dishes of vegetables. It is true, we drank that evening a bottle of old Cyprus wine, which had been given me, but there ended our excesses. We did not leave the table any worse for this, however. Le Brun recited several odes of Anacreon, which he had translated, and I do not think ever to have passed a more amusing evening. De Boutin and de Vaudreuil were so enthusiastic about it, that they talked of it to all their acquaintances the next day. Some ladies of the court asked me to renew the pleasantry. I refused for various reasons, and several amongst them were wounded at my refusal. The rumour soon spread that the supper had cost me twenty thousand francs. The King spoke of it, with evident disapprobation to the Marquis de Culières, who had fortunately been one of my guests, and could thus convince His Majesty of the absurdity of the report. Nevertheless, that which at Versailles had been esteemed at the modest price of twenty thousand francs, went up to forty thousand at Rome; at Vienna, I heard from the Baronne de Stragonaff, that I spent sixty thousand francs for my Greek banquet; and at St. Petersburg, as you know, *chère amie*, the sum remained definitely fixed at eighty thousand francs, while the truth is that the supper cost me about fifteen!'

And thus, after the pleasant, pretty evening was over, there were the thorns in the cushion. Some complimentary person once said to Madame Le Brun, 'When I look at you, and think of your renown, I seem to see rays of light around your brow.' 'Ah! but those rays have many little serpents among them,' answered the artist, with a sigh. And though in her case the rays were broad and bright, and the 'little serpents' very small indeed, yet her thoughts were troubled by their low hisses, which converted her fame into favour, and the money she made by her art into riches of fabulous enormity.

Curious faces came and went among the extraordinary stream of men and women that during her life Madame Le Brun saw and painted. There was the Duchesse de Mazarin, at whose birth, it was always said, three fairies must have presided, the Fairy of Beauty, the Fairy of Riches, and the Fairy of Ill-luck, for though the first two gifts had been lavishly bestowed upon her, it seemed as if nothing she undertook would turn out well. She never gave a fête but something went wrong with it. It is true that her ideas possessed more originality than practicability. For one of her balls she imagined a grand surprise. In the centre of the supper table stood an enormous patty, in which a hundred pretty live birds were hidden; but when the pie was opened the birds, instead of

beginning to sing, flew wildly into the big, frizzled, powdered, and laboriously constructed head-dresses of the lady guests, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they were extricated therefrom, amid the shrieks and ill-humour of the dishevelled women. Then there was Davish Khan, the magnificent Indian ambassador, who thought that the portrait of Madame Le Brun painted of him had a soul, and almost killed his valet on finding that it had been secretly taken away, for it was only by fraud that Madame Le Brun could obtain it in order to send it to the exhibition, where it had been understood it was to go. And Caillan, the exquisite singer, who on hearing several persons hiss him one night, when an accidental break in his voice happened while he was singing, walked off the stage, and never could the most earnest entreaties and prayers ever induce him to appear again. Yet he was by no means a vindictive man, and his handsome, laughing face, so pleased the artist that she finished her admirable portrait of him at one sitting. And Madame Dubarry, whom Madame Le Brun went to paint, and whom she stayed with at Louvecienne, where the ex-court favourite, a handsome woman, still lived in almost total solitude, acting Lady Bountiful to the poor around. And there, at Louvecienne, as they two sat by the fire in the evening, Madame Dubarry would sometimes talk of Louis Quinze and his court, always in very general and careful terms, and as if half reluctant, yet half-laughingly eager to turn back to them. And M. Campan, gentleman of the bed-chamber to Louis Seize, a great deal more majestic than the king, and with such a big, commanding voice, that on listening to it one day that the court gentleman was sitting talking in the artist's *salon*, Madame Le Brun's little girl pulled her mother's skirt, and whispered '*Maman bien sûr*, this is the king, is it not?' And M. de Montesquion, equerry to Monsieur, in his marvellous seat of Maupertius, where there were apartments for thirty guests, with their servants and horses, and each of these thirty guests magnificently lodged.

M. de Montesquion drew Madame Le Brun's horoscope, and predicted, amongst other things, that she would live very long to be an '*aimable vieille*,' which proved true enough. And the famous Lady Hamilton, whom she painted as a Bacchante, reclining on the sea-shore, with a golden cup in her hands, and again as a Sibyl. And the pretty but horribly indolent Comtesse Scawronska, wife of the Russian ambassador at Naples, and niece of the famous Potemkin, who was so lazy that she could not be induced to put on any of her magnificent dresses, or to wear the big diamonds and other superb jewels her uncle lavished upon her, and who told Madame Le Brun that in order to go to sleep at night she had a slave girl under her bed, who told her the same story over and over again. And Paësiello, the composer, whose portrait she painted as he was composing a cantata that was to be played before the Queen of



Naples. And the Queen of Naples herself, whose sweet face the artist had the greatest delight in copying. Nevertheless, it was so frightfully hot one day, as she sat painting the queen at Naples, that both painter and sitter fell fast asleep, and woke simultaneously a long while afterwards, when they laughed heartily at the impertinent *siesta*. And the handsome and dignified Princesse Dalgorki, so celebrated for her *salon*, not only throughout Russia, but through all Europe. And the Prince of Wales, who had a full-length portrait of himself painted by Madame Le Brun, and had it put upon a stand with castors, like a cheval glass, so that the lady to whom he presented it could set it and turn it whenever she minded. And Lady Wellesley and Lord Byron, Talma and Joseph Vernet—singers, actresses, tragedians, comedians, authors and painters; Paul the First, of Russia, Catherine the Great, and the members of the royal family and beauties of the court in every country she visited—Italy, Austria, England, Russia, Holland, Prussia, and Belgium. Of all and of each she writes gaily and cleverly in her memoirs—in the voluminous letters written by the '*aimable vieille*' in the quiet of her old age, as she looked lingeringly back along the course of her long life.

It was on the momentous 5th of October that Madame Le Brun fled from Paris, which she was not to see again for more than twelve years. She had long been, or thought she had been, an object of especial hatred on the part of the revolutionists; and, besides her own personal fears, she suffered the cruellest anxiety for her friends, many of whom were 'aristocrats,' who, one after another, were being overtaken by danger. Her fears prevented her at last from continuing her painting, then seriously affected her health. Her good friends the Brougniarts, who had an apartment at the Invalides, where the gentleman held some appointment, had her taken to their house by one of the doctors of the Palais Royal, whose servants wore the Orleans livery, the only one respected at the time, and they nursed her, petted her, and fed her with dainties. But it was all in vain; the painter's pretty, bright world had all turned into something hideous and unrecognisable, and she had no courage to meet the horrid transformation. Once more she tried, by shutting herself up at home, to forget some of her fears, or at any rate to occupy her mind with her well-loved occupation, but she could no longer be happy in the studio of the Rue de Cléry. Then she was taken to the house of M. de Rivière, whose daughter her brother had married, and at whose house took place those pleasant theatricals of which I have spoken. There Madame Le Brun was in personal safety, for M. de Rivière was minister for Saxony, and his protection was, therefore, a sure one. But she could neither close her ears nor shut out her apprehensions. Libels were being poured out against her acquaintances, against her friends, against herself. Many might have said, as one did,

‘I am accused of stealing the towers of Notre-Dame ; they are still in their places, but I shall run away, nevertheless, for it is clear that people are very angry with me about it.’

And Madame Le Brun, too, resolved to run away ; indeed, thought it necessary to do so for the safety of her life, and under these miserable circumstances determined to put into execution her long cherished desire to go to Rome. There were several half-finished portraits on her easels, and now at this very time M. de Laborde brought his daughter (once known as the Duchess de Noailles) to be painted by Madame Le Brun. He was extremely anxious for the portrait, named a princely sum, and the young girl herself—which was the greatest temptation of all to the artist—was so indescribably charming, that the refusal was a hard one to make. ‘But there was no longer any question,’ said Madame Le Brun, ‘either of means or of fortune ; the only question was to save one’s head.’

So she resisted the sweet face of the future Duchesse de Noailles, had her carriage packed and her passport got ready to leave with her little girl, and the little girl’s governess on the following day, when a crowd of national guards, musket in hand, some drunk, others harsh-looking and insolent, and all miserably and dirtily dressed, made a sudden eruption in her drawing-room, and crowded rudely about her ; told her in rough terms that she should not leave Paris.

In describing the same in after years, Madame Le Brun does not very clearly explain what passed, and indeed it was terrifying enough to frighten the lady’s memory and senses entirely away for the time being ; but whatever the incidents were, they ended in the whole troop going away at last, and in poor Madame Le Brun being left in a most terrible trouble and fright. But she had not been left alone more than a minute when two of the band re-appeared, and this time she saw that she had nothing to fear. The men were evidently bent on re-assuring her. They hurried up to her with looks of friendly sympathy, and whispered that they were neighbours, and had run back to give her one piece of friendly advice : To go, and to go instantly. ‘You cannot live here, madame, you are so changed already that it grieves us to see you. But do not travel in your carriage ; go by the diligence, it is the only safe way.’

Trembling as she was, Madame Le Brun thanked them fervently, and prepared to follow their advice at once. But a whole fortnight of mortal anxiety elapsed before their places could be secured in the diligence. People were leaving by thousands, and no one dared to travel in their own carriages. At last on the stormy 5th of October, when Madame Le Brun’s agony of apprehension was brought to a paroxysm by her fear for the king and queen, who had been brought from Versailles that



day, she procured the seats, and putting on the travelling disguise she had prepared—a coarse dress, such as a poor workwoman would wear, and a big coloured handkerchief over her head and about her face, she was carried, almost fainting with fear, into the diligence.

Poor pretty painter and woman of the world; if one experiences a feeling of contempt for her while she is thus yearning to fly from the dangers in the midst of which she leaves mother and brother, both dearly loved, her relatives and her friends, and where so many proofs of sublime courage were being daily shown, one must remember how terrible those dangers were, how deadly and heart-sickening the events that were then making Paris a hell for all those who lived in it as she had done. Those men who passed in Paris the spring months of last year will understand the fear.

The diligence journey was a very miserable one for Madame Le Brun and her companions. As travelling associates they had a mad Jacobin of Grenoble, who raged out his opinions along the whole way with the fiercest expressions, and another 'patriot,' who talked of the watches and other valuables he had stolen, and made known his revolutionary intentions with regard to all the Parisian aristocracy, and to Madame Le Brun's friends in particular, in a way that made the artist's little girl so frightened, that Madame Le Brun, afraid as she was that any remark would only excite the man to say more, summoned up courage to beg him not to talk of assassination before the child. Her earnest request had more effect than she had hoped for. The bloodthirsty patriot cooled down, and soon began playing at cards with the little girl, and made her laugh heartily.

From time to time some one would ride up to the diligence with tales of the king and queen's death, and of the massacres and conflagrations that had begun in Paris, all of them false, but none the less horrible, to the trembling travellers within, who did not know, or at least could not be at all certain, of their falseness. At every town they passed through the people flocked about the vehicle, asking for news from Paris, and the Jacobin gave the information—in his own way. At last the miserable journey came to an end. The three refugees reached Lyons, where they were welcomed by friends, and from whence they sped over the Mont Cenis into Italy—into sunshine and safety.

There we cannot follow her, at least, not at present. Neither during her long and brilliant tour through Europe, nor in her subsequent life on her return to Paris, after a twelve years' absence. It was 'her Paris no longer.' A first consul and his wife were at the Tuileries; in the drawing-rooms the men remained apart from the women, and the pleasures were grave and dull. Instead of the powdered curls, and the crimson and violet suits with ribbons and ruffles and sword knots,

there were none but black coats and *des têtes noires*; and when Madame Le Brun went to the theatre for the first time she thought the house looked very sombre and sad. But at a concert to which her husband and brother took her, on the very first evening of her arrival, she had a reception such as reconciled her quickly, I think, to her metamorphosed Paris. The people in the audience applauded, and the musicians in the orchestra loudly tapped their instruments as Madame Le Brun made her appearance, after her long absence. Then early the next morning came Greuze, the painter, to see her, and Madame de Bonneuil, one of her *intimes*, almost as handsome as in the old times, and by her Madame Le Brun was carried off the next night to a ball, where all the great women of the court were assembled. And during the next few days more famous painters, and more old friends, came about her. One morning Madame Bonaparte paid her a gracious visit, and before a week had passed a letter was addressed her by the Comédie Française, informing her that her *entreés* had been re-established on the theatre lists, 'as a mark of the society's admiration for her talents, &c., &c.' Not only this, but several of the principal actors went to her brother, and expressed their desire to play before Madame Le Brun. (There was a great room in the house next to hers, and which also belonged to her and Le Brun, where theatricals and concerts had often been given). And Vestris sent also to say that the corps de ballet from the opera would dance there after the piece. Both these flattering offers, however, were refused, with many expressions of thanks and gratitude, by the lady patron.

Thus Parisian society pressed itself towards her, and became once more pleasant and dear to the gay-hearted lady. She attained the age of eighty-seven, having outlived all her old friends and most of her relations—her husband, from whom, however, she had been entirely separated for many years; her brother, her sister-in-law, and her daughter, who had afforded her little happiness after the first years of her girlhood. Tenderly and lovingly Madame Le Brun was tended until her death by the two neices to whom she was deeply attached. She continued to paint until a very advanced age, and to the last, society, the food of her life, came to her, sweet and pleasant. Up to within a few years of the Revolution of '48—which, happily, she was destined not to see—her *salon* in the Rue du Ponthieu was a delightful place. 'There were met the most distinguished members of the different classes of Parisian society; people of fashion, men of letters, artists and savants—all happy to be brought together in a house where the passions and intrigues of the day gained no admittance, and where the gracious equality of mind and the gentlest of social courtesies reigned paramount.'

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# NOOKS AND CORNERS OF EUROPE.

By R. N. BOYD.

## RADEGUND.

Nor far from the interesting old town of Graz, in Styria, is a hill called the 'Schöckelberg,' famed far and near for its beauty and legends. It is one of the most graceful of the Styrian range of mountains, and possesses, besides its beauty, a flavour of mystery which makes it an object of special interest to the good people of the country. Some strangers visit it on account of a water-cure establishment which exists on its graceful slopes, and relies for success on the charming solitude of its situation, an abundance of pure water, and healthy mountain air. Radegund on the Schöckel is certainly not a fashionable watering-place in the ordinary acceptation of the word. There are no redoutes, no balls, no gaming-tables, no cōteries, and strange, but true, no brass bands. Simple nature still reigns supreme as queen of attractions, and visitors must content themselves for amusements with scrambles over the Schöckel, walks under the shade of the tall waving pines, views of the valleys and gorges of the Styrian Alps, and a glimpse of the rich Hungarian plain from the crest of the hill, and beyond that be thankful for peace, health, and simple living. Radegund, a small unpretentious little Styrian village, lies at the foot of the Schöckel, in the midst of orchards and fields, with a quaint church spire covered with red tiles, rising up above the soft, green foliage of the apple trees. It is a model of rustic perfection, with its few farm-houses, irregularly built, and dotted over the little plateau formed at the base of the mountain. To reach it from Graz involves a drive of about three hours over an exceedingly good road for the greater part, and through a charming country for the whole way. The distance is sufficient to keep the mere visitor away; and the tourist, be-Murrayed and be-Bradshawed, never comes near it. The gent with the plaid suit, and the red book under his arm, has not yet made his appearance. There are no Hotels Royal or Bellevue, no guides, no beggars, no vendors of curiosities, no shops, save the mark! There are no conveyances, even, to be hired. I believe the

water-cure establishment does boast of a shandrydan, and a pony covered with a coat of long hair, but it is only occasionally and rarely that this article of locomotion ever rumbles over to Graz. The notion of not providing the means of conveyance seems almost like a deep-laid conspiracy to keep the guests in the place when once they have been secured. Be it so or not, the fact lends infinite charm to the place, as the visitor has to resign himself with complete philosophy to his fate, and content himself with what he finds at his disposal, because he cannot help it, and pining and striving for that which is out of reach will not procure it. As may be readily supposed, this primitive little watering-place is a model of regularity and sobriety. The society, indeed, is extremely limited. Residents there are none, and *habitués* not many. But even here the vibrations of society are felt.

At the time of my visit the visitors assembled to use the water-cure, or inhale the mountain air, or enjoy the seclusion of the retreat, were, if not numerous, at least very select. There were two *grandes dames*, from Bucharest, a few Magyars, from Pesth, a strong Viennese or two, some citizens of Gratz a couple of German officers, a Prince—a real life-breathing, talking Prince, and an Irish daughter with her Irish papa. There must have been a Scotchman, but I did not see him. The young lady from Ireland with the brownish tresses and violet eyes, had a remarkable talent for flirting, and morally had strung all the male hearts on the thread of her fascination. She wore them like Indians do scalps, in open daylight, and never seemed shy to dilate on their merits, the greatest of which seemed always to be the unbounded affection the poor dear hearts had exhibited for her. Why, even the Prince, with his title and manners of highest distinction, lay conquered and smitten, a slave at her feet.

The ladies from Bucharest, with olive complexions and very black hair, were so thoroughly Roumanian they might have passed for Parisian. Their husbands were fixed at some post in Wallachia, and could not at that, or any other time, abandon their duties to travel about; so the wives who wanted a change and a good deal of water, came to Radegund, and added their charms to the small band of visitors; and as to the others, they had come to be quiet and cheap, and have themselves sponged and bathed in the waters that spring from the Schöckel. What they all did beyond eating and drinking and bathing, it would be hard to divine. But they walked on the 'Berg' in very small groups of two at a time, and sat on the benches near the different springs, and gazed at the scenery and whispered and talked, and sometimes they laughed. They all seemed to have a very great faith in the curative properties of the water they drank. It was fine and sparkling and cold, and very agreeable. It came bubbling out of the numerous springs with a constant



and regular murmur, and some of it was 'piped' to the house where the Doctor presided and the bottles were prepared. Its effects were said to be marvellous, and three weeks' regular observance of rule with regard to diet and mode of life, combined with the waters, were sufficient to triumph over the most inveterate indisposition and languor. People came there from the crowded alleys of great cities, pale, feeble, languid, and left with cheeks of rosy hue, vigorous and brisk—born, in a manner, to a new life.

No doubt they did, but how much of this renovation was due to mountain air and the mode of living? and how much to the water and its constituents? The mountain itself is a huge mass of limestone, and the water which permeates it and flows to its surface through the fissures of the rock contains nothing but lime and a little iron. The latter gives strength, no doubt, but is not a panacea against the general disarrangement of system which prompts the sufferer to seek recovery at watering-places. The great secret of the good results obtained from a visit to a watering-place lies, as a rule, in the healthful mode of life adopted by patients who for a time exchange the nervous excitement and wear-and-tear of a town life for the calm and healthy repose of a natural existence. Change, change, change, for mind and body, is the rule for health, and the greater the change the better the effect. Hence Radegund, with its pure water and rustic simplicity, is a place where the tired and weary recover their strength and spirits. Besides, the country is most charming. All Styria is romantic and beautiful, and the neighbourhood of Graz, though not so well known as the Sewauering pass, is perhaps quite as interesting.

The outline of the Schöckel itself, is extremely graceful, and the walks all round it under the shade of the forest trees are sufficient to tempt a very sybarite to a ramble. The ascent of the mountain is easy enough, as a pretty fair path leads up to its summit, and the view which rewards the pedestrian is quite sufficient to repay the fatigue. There is nothing very wild in the country all round. It is but verging on the Styrian Alps, which are seen in the distance rising one above the other, sombre and snow-capped, as far as the eye can reach in all directions, seen towards the east where the great Hungarian plain extends far away until it melts in the hazy dimness of distance. The top of the mountain is covered with heather, over which the snow lies for many months in the year, and in some of the fissures, on the north, it may be found all the year round. The fissures and caverns are numerous and extensive. This is not peculiar to the Schöckel, however, as the Julian Alps abound in caves, which indeed is a feature of all limestone rocks. The caves of Styria are more than usually extensive, and it seems as if the huge mountains were honey-combed from base to summit. Regular under-

ground lakes are known to exist, and so porous is the rock, that although immense volumes of water are always issuing from the base of the mountains, the summits are perfectly arid. The striking barrenness of the district called Karst, is attributed to the want of moisture in the soil, for the rain which falls is instantly lost in the crevasses and cracks, and goes to swell the underground lakes and rivers. Those caverns extend far into the mountains, so far indeed that many have never been completely explored; they are like natural or rather supernatural vaults supported by innumerable stalactite pillars, formed by the never-ceasing drop of lime-charged water through the pores of the rock. The caves of the Schöckel, have all the character belonging to limestone clefts. There are fine important openings to daylight, all near the summit, and these apparently extend far into the hill and seem to be in communication with each other, as some of them have a powerful draught inwards, whence others emit a current of air outwards, and are locally termed 'blowers.' One of these clefts is called the Snow Hole, because often, even at the height of summer, snow is to be found close to the opening. Another is termed the Cellar Hole, a third the Great Cleft, or Weather Hole, which is a wide opening of about ten feet dipping forth into the hill; and thereby hangs a tale.

The most remarkable feature of these caves is the presence of stalactite pillars close to the openings. At the present time, no water ever lies on the surface sufficiently long to get charged with lime; and the presence of these curious natural pillars in such a position, and at such an elevation, leads to the inference that, originally, the Schöckel must have been very much higher than at present, and become worn away by the effect of wind and water, combined, probably, with the action of glaciers. We have, then, in this hill—modest in height as compared with other elevated peaks of the range—possibly the remains of some towering Alp whose proud summit has been slowly, but gradually and surely, worn down by the ceaseless and relentless action of slowly-moving masses of ice and water. This action is now in full operation on every mountain where the snow lies during all seasons, and the crumbling of the peaks, and lowering of their summit altitudes, is merely a matter of time. It may be strange, but it is not less true, that at some distant time, if the natural laws which now govern this globe persist, the Alpine peaks, which are now explored with so much danger and difficulty, will be washed away, and the sweet mountain herbage will be growing on plateaux of moderate height, where formerly rose the forbidding rock-masses high into the clouds. The nature of the rock has much to do with the rapidity of its destruction, and it will require a very much longer time to crumble or wear away the adamantine granite masses of some of our ranges, than the soft and soluble



limestone of others. Our Alpine climbers may rest assured there will remain heights for them to climb for many generations ; and long before even one inch of the Matterhorn is worn away, the fashion of climbing for the mere sake of climbing, will have passed away, as a useless and dangerous pursuit.

But to return to the Schöckel, and its caverns and legends. There is an old story connected with them, which to this day is believed by the simple peasants of the neighbourhood. It shows how deeply superstitions lay rooted in the minds of the uneducated, and how completely the inexplicable inspires fear and awe.

The noise which the rush of air, in and out of the caves, makes, gave rise to strange fancies, and the incomprehensible had to be accounted for by the supernatural. The superstition goes, that in the Shöckel there dwells a witch—a very vixen of a witch—in company with the Devil. The *ménage*, never a pleasant one, is at times disturbed by terrible outbursts of rage, the squabbles between such a pair being rather serious and loud, and then the subterranean retreat is set in commotion, and the fight ends with a desperate storm overhead, and the roaring of thunder and flashing of lightning. The witch raises fogs, which rise from the hill with a frightful smell ; and the Devil then raises a storm, to clear and dispel them. The good people all round, who quite believe in the witch and the Devil, whenever a storm rises, shoot at the hill with consecrated powder, and shoot till the Devil gets a sniff of the smoke, and quickly retreats to his hole and the witch, disconcerted and quite overcome. So much is this absurd story credited by the cotters about the Schöckel that, even to this day, not one of them would dare to throw a stone into any of the caverns, or allow anyone to do so, lest it might disturb the fiend and his friend, and raise a storm over the land, more dreaded almost than the Devil himself *in propria persona*.

The origin of the Devil's presence in the Shöckel is accounted for by another legend, which is told in quaint verses, and quite believed in by the credulous people in the neighbourhood. The story goes that one day, long, long ago, the boors on the Shöckel were celebrating some feast, for even then they could do that. The church bells were ringing, and the host was inviting, for wine, and beer, and mead, and schnaps are always welcome ; and the good people sat and gazed at the sky, and the forest, and prattled and chatted. But just as they fancied themselves so perfectly at home and secluded, a stranger—the *stranger*—appeared in their midst. The aged devoutly crossed themselves, with thoughts of salvation ; the young people gaped, and tried hard to decide whether to fear or to laugh. It was very unnatural, they all observed that : it must be the Devil, that they all knew. The Devil on a journey for evil

to man. It is said that the farmers had made up the story, but farmers don't joke with matters that anger them, and certainly driving up and down hill is to them no joking affair—going up they lose breath, coming down their carts break. But enough, the stranger promised to raise up the Shöckel and make it as high as the Rigi, in exchange for one soul. So he left with a wonderful smell, just as he came, not dressed, but perfectly black, to bring a clod as a head for the Shöckel. Rightly he comes with a lump in his fist, and chuckles to think of the *one* so soon to be his own. His time he had chosen full well and safe to come to Graz, but the moment was very unlucky, for just at that time a priest out of Rome was leaving the church and murmuring blessings. The Devil, quite frightened, let fall his prize, which forms to this day both the 'Pehlonberg' and 'Calvaria' at Graz. The Devil, now furious, came raging along and flew fast down the Weather Hole, where he sits to this day. And then it came to pass, to the shame of the Devil, that the Shöckel never rose to a Rigi. Now, it is said, after this little affair that the farmers don't fear the Devil, with all his belongings, as much as before. Thus ends the story of how the Devil got into the Schöckel. It may be of interest to some to know on such good authority the exact whereabouts of his infernal majesty. It is to be presumed, however, that as we hear of him in many other places, that he sometimes slips out of the Weather Hole unawares, to visit other localities. We may, however, compliment him on the beauty of his residence, and hope that he will be civil to the visitors to Radegund.

It would be a pity, indeed, if he took to playing pranks with the strangers who come to see the Shöckel, with its graceful outline and fine forest trees, and breathe the pure air of the Styrian Alps. I would recommend fair travellers to take plenty of *poudre*, say, *poudre de ris*, and certainly not to throw stones in the caves unless they wish to 'raise the wind.'



# THE DAY AFTER MY DEATH.

BY H. D. TRAILL.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### *THE VALLEY OF EARTHLY BEAUTY.*

On arriving, we found that the Court had risen for the day. Minos and the other two judges had retired to their private room, where, we were informed by an official, they would be ready to receive us in a short time. Meanwhile we were shown into the ante-room in which we had left the philosopher and the widow. We found both of them in precisely the same reflective attitudes in which we had left them; and each appeared to be too much occupied with his or her thoughts to be able to converse with the other. The philosopher had, in fact, been plunged in those abstruse speculations upon consciousness, and its relation to the external world (if external world there be), which had occupied his mind upon earth. In particular he had been engaged in attempting to form some conception how 'things in themselves' would appear to him when he came to know them immediately, and was no longer left to infer their existence from mere subjective changes in his own consciousness. These attempts, however, had been somewhat obstructed by the fact that the very ideas by which he sought mentally to represent to himself 'things in themselves,' were inseparably associated with subjective conditions. He first wondered how 'things in themselves' would 'look,' but he soon, of course, bethought himself of the impropriety of using a word so deeply tainted with subjective and positively material associations. Then he tried to imagine himself as 'knowing things in themselves,' but the word 'know,' he found, somehow involved the notion of 'mind,' and 'mind' brought with it a host of associations of the most offensively subjective character. Nay, it at last occurred to him that, after all, his labour would be in vain, inasmuch as even if the knowledge of 'things in themselves' were to be, in future, immediate and freed from subjective limitations, it was impossible to indulge in any anticipa-

tions of such knowledge without subjectifying it by the very act of anticipation. In short, he found, to his disgust, that he was in precisely the same plight as he had been on earth, and as vexatiously incapable of leaping off his own shadow, even now, when it was but the shadow of a shade.

The widow, on the other hand, had been wholly occupied in reflecting on her approaching re-union with 'poor dear George;' and she was wondering, with a total obliviousness of all the consequences involved in a transition from the earthly to the spiritual world, whether his beard would be as long and silken as it used to be, and whether he still smiled with the expression she so much admired.

It was of course impossible for two persons whose thoughts ran in two such different, and indeed opposing, currents to carry on a sympathetic conversation; and, indeed, we shortly afterwards witnessed the only attempt which they made in that direction, and which proved a signal failure. The widow began a conversation with the philosopher by a series of enquiries as to the nature of that problem of which he hoped soon to obtain the solution; and she listened with interest, if with no precise apprehension of their meaning to the explanations which he gave her of the mystery involved in the relations of the Ego with the Non-Ego. Indeed, as the philosopher proceeded with his lecture, and went on to point out to her that the human consciousness never perceived anything *immediately* but its own changes, and that so-called 'external things' can never be known to us 'in themselves' (their very existence indeed being mere matter of inference); and, further, that any satisfactory solution of the problem must disclose to us the true nature of these 'things in themselves,' the widow began to imbibe a portion of her companion's enthusiasm. Feminine curiosity, in fact, formed a very efficient substitute for the spirit of philosophic enquiry, and she was as keenly anxious to know 'things in themselves' as she had been on earth to know 'things in relation to her female acquaintances.'

But they soon touched upon a point of repulsion which showed them how widely in reality their sympathies diverged. The philosopher was in the act of explaining to her that there was absolutely no evidence for supposing that 'things in themselves' would, when they came to be known, be found to resemble our ideas of them on earth, when the widow interrupted him with a question.

'What!' she exclaimed, 'Do you mean to say, then, that my poor dear George, when I come to know him, "in himself" as you call it—though what you mean by it I'm sure I don't know—do you mean to tell me that he won't be like *my* George?'

'He may possibly bear not the slightest resemblance to what you call "your George!"' replied the philosopher with philosophic calm.



'Then I don't believe a word of such nonsense,' cried the widow indignantly. 'Not resemble my George, indeed! The idea!'

'Exactly,' interrupted the philosopher; 'it is merely the "idea" of George which is in your memory, the actual entity may be something very different.'

'Actual fiddlesticks,' exclaimed the widow. 'What next, I wonder?'

'I have "wondered what next," all my life sighed the philosopher sadly.

'I never heard of such a thing,' continued she, still indignant. 'Do you mean to tell me that I have forgotten him, or that I have been mistaken for fifteen years in believing what my senses told me?'

'Your senses told you of nothing,' said the philosopher, calmly, 'but certain material changes taking place in your bodily organs of sense. These changes you referred, with or without grounds, to the presence of an external object, and that object you named "your husband"—that's all. "Your George" is a creation of your mind—a purely subjective being.'

'Very well,' said the widow, 'I shall be perfectly satisfied with a purely subjective George for the future. George "in himself," indeed! What good would it do me to see him "in himself" if he is different so from *my* George? No, I prefer to see the poor dear fellow as he *appeared to me*, and particularly as he appeared to me on the day when we first met at Chiswick.'

The philosopher turned from her with a smile of pity, as from one still in bondage to the subjective.

This instructive dialogue had hardly concluded before the apparitor appeared, and summoned us once more into the presence of the judges. They received us with all their former courtesy, and asked politely what kind of an afternoon we had spent, inquiring in particular as to the impression made upon us by our experiences of the City of the Earthly Life. This was, of course, a delicate subject for at least one of us to handle, and the M.P. exhibited considerable uneasiness while it was under discussion. The judges, however—I could not but think, maliciously—seemed particularly unwilling to quit the subject of the city, or to address their remarks and animadversions upon its life, to anyone but the M.P. They congratulated him on his having adopted the philosopher's nobler ideal of the future, and suggested that the miserable reflection of the human career which he had witnessed in the city must have only served to confirm him in his choice. Our companion forgot, of course, that his change of plan was already perfectly well known to the judges (who, of course, needed only a glance at him to become aware of it), otherwise he would have known that their congratulations were ironical, and would have hastened to conclude the scene by himself confessing his altered intentions.

At length, however, the judges desisted from their raillery, and proceeded to repeat the formal interrogation as to our plans which they had put to us in the morning. The philosopher, the widow, the poet, and myself, all signified with more or less firmness our adherence to our then expressed intentions. The M.P. was compelled, of course with much hesitation, to confess that he had determined to select the career of a legislator in the City of the Earthly Life. To his great relief, however, Minos and his brother judges expressed no contempt, or even the slightest surprise, at his change of plan, and the former proceeded to fill up his passport in the new form without a word. Emboldened by this, he was about to enter upon a probably somewhat lengthy apology for the life he had seen fit to adopt, when he was politely cut short by Minos, who informed him that they made it a rule never to listen to any explanations of the grounds of their choice from those spirits who were called upon to select their future abode. 'So much the larger majority of spirits,' said his lordship, 'select the life which most resembles that which they spent upon earth, and so many of them are so eager to disclaim at great length the only sensible reason for selecting that life, namely, the resemblance aforesaid, and are so full of elaborate transcendental justifications of their choice, that, really, were we not to make the rule I have referred to, we should never get through our business.'

The country gentleman was desirous of giving the judges a brief description of the *status quo* in the controversy between himself and his late vicar on the subject of Free Will, and a concise summary of the arguments by which he justified to himself his acceptance of a merely provisional solution of the question; when he, too, was similarly and as politely cut short.

'Excuse me,' said Minos, 'but am I to understand that you desire one of those allotments through which you passed this afternoon in the neighbourhood of the city?'

'Most assuredly,' said the country gentleman, eagerly, 'if it is possible to obtain one.'

'You must enter your name in the register at once, then,' was the reply, 'otherwise you may lose your turn.'

The country gentleman abandoned the Necessitarian position with precipitate haste, and hurried off to secure his title to his allotment.

The barrister had not yet seen as much as he wished of the judicial proceedings of the High Court of Justice; and the physician's case, as I mentioned above, had been adjourned till the following day. The artist was the only spirit still unprovided with his papers, and there was considerable difficulty in settling for him, for he was unable to settle for himself what his future career should be. He was a pleasant, lazy, easy-going shade, well satisfied at times to wander carelessly through the



picturesque, and to gaze idly on the beautiful, without a thought of anything beyond ; but he possessed a share of the spiritual yearnings of the poet, and was at other times full of an eager desire to penetrate beyond those things of sense which in his lighter moods were all sufficient for him ; to lift that veil, the *lebendiges Kleid der Gottheit*, whose splendid and subtle tissues it was for the most part sufficient for him only to gaze upon, and to wonder idly at the glorious draping of its folds.

Being in one of his serious moods at present, he was not at all easy to satisfy. Although assured by Minos that, on the way to the spot whither his companions were bound, he would pass through a valley whose beauty would give to his artistic taste the highest gratification of which it was capable, and whose charms would never pall, still he professed himself dissatisfied. He was unwilling to cut himself off from the unveiling of those mysteries whose presence had ever haunted him, even in his least-disturbed enjoyment of material beauty. At last the matter was settled by Minos giving him a blank passport, with directions to return and have it filled up after he had made his decision. And after bidding adieu to the judges, and receiving their best wishes for our future happiness, we set out upon our journey.

At the gates of the palace we were forced to bid adieu to our companions, the M.P. and the country gentleman. Their routes lay, of course, in the direction of the city, and they were to be conducted thither by another guide. We ourselves were again taken in charge by our old friend the apparitor, and after watching our friends set out by the same road as we had before taken that afternoon, we struck across the plain in quite another direction, and were now at last fairly *en route* for our much wished-for destination.

How it was I know not—probably it was owing to a rooted irreverence natural to me on earth, and which had survived into my spiritual life—but no sooner had we got well under way, five spirits all bound for the solution of the problems of existence, than I was seized with an almost unconquerable inclination to burst out laughing. Spirits never lose their national bent and disposition, and, as a thoroughly English spirit, I could not but feel how absurdly unpractical was the course of life which we had adopted. It was completely uncertain, in the first place, whether the solution of these mysteries would be at all satisfactory ; and it was quite manifest that whatever it might turn out to be, we should never be able to put it to any practical use. In fact, we had been warned that we should never be permitted to return with our newly-acquired knowledge to that part of Hades with which we were acquainted, and the conditions of life which we understood. Yet now, with a large and decently-well conducted city opening to receive us, and with every prospect before us if we made it our abode, of attaining in it a

position of the highest respectability, we were marching off at the tail of a mere philosopher in search after we knew not what.

A glance at the appearance presented by our *cortège* was in itself calculated to provoke a smile. The philosopher marched in front, unable to restrain his impatience, his eyes fixed immovably on the distant horizon. Spirits retain—how, it would be impossible to explain to my readers—many of the peculiarities of outward appearance which distinguished them on earth, and the tall, gaunt figure of the philosopher striding eagerly forward, while the poet (who was hardly less eager to solve the problems of existence, but was exceedingly short in stature) strove to keep pace with his companion by a method of progression which, by an anthropomorphism I will describe as ‘trotting,’ formed an irresistibly ludicrous combination. The artist hovered between the front and rear of the party, now urged forward by the transcendental element in his nature, now detained by an appeal made to his vivid sense of natural beauty by some portion of the landscape around him.

These appeals became more and more frequent as we advanced. Indeed, imperceptibly to me, who had been occupied in observing my companions, the surrounding country had begun to assume an aspect of unearthly loveliness. The descent of a steep hill had removed us from the sight of the bleak and cheerless plain which presents itself at first to those who issue from the Palace of Justice, and, as we descended lower and lower into the valley, beauty sprang up rich and richer at our feet.

It would be impossible for me to describe, and I shrink from attempting the description of this loveliest of valleys. I remember well the gorgeous colours in which a great art-critic and master of English has set himself to describe many of the wonders of the world I have left—the clouds of her sunsets, the sound and motion of her sleepless seas, the grandeur of her lifted mountains; and I remember also how, in the presence of the objects he described, the great word-picture became a blurred and broken, and colourless sketch—a rude transcript of his father’s house traced upon his slate by the fingers of a wondering child. When, therefore, I consider that, on the one hand, I have not the powers of that great art-critic and word-painter, and that, on the other, the valley in which we stood excels a thousand-fold in beauty the most magnificent of those natural scenes, which even he failed adequately to reproduce, my readers, I hope, will not accuse me of undue diffidence if I attempt no detailed description of the Valley of Earthly Beauty—this, the apparitor informed us was its title,—not that anything on earth approaches it in loveliness, but because its beauties are the same *in kind* as those of earthly scenes. It must suffice to say that it combined in itself every variety of scenery which the earth has to show, and united attractions which, in my late planet, were divided from each other by hemispheres.



The soaring peaks of Alpine ranges ; the soft curves and mellow tones of the English woodlands ; the monstrous vegetation and vivid colouring of the tropics ; and the sullen grandeur of Polar solitudes,—all were represented in this wonderful valley, yet combined with so exquisite a harmony, that their union aroused neither surprise nor resentment, and the eye drank in the whole scene with unquestioning rapture.

An exclamation of wonder and delight from the artist aroused us from the contemplation of the view before us, and gazing in the direction of his glance, we re-echoed his cry. The grove we were entering was peopled with human forms of more than antique beauty, moving white amongst its shaded stems. The immortal marbles of the Greek sculptor seemed to live and breathe around us. The 'Lord of the Unerring Bow' had stepped from his pedestal ; the Meleager and the Antinous moved about us, more wondrously beautiful in motion than in repose ; the Faun lounged on his tree-trunk, more lazily graceful than even Praxiteles conceived him ; the Melian Venus gazed on us in all the beauty of her imperial disdain—but *alive*, and with motion in her queenly limbs.

The poet was the first to break the long silence of rapture, in which we gazed at this enchanting valley and its inhabitants.

'I envy you,' he said in a low voice to the artist. 'You, of course, will remain here ?'

But the other returned no answer, and we could see that a severe struggle was taking place in his mind.

'It is, indeed,' he said, after a pause, 'the home itself of eternal beauty. One would ask nothing better than to dwell here eternally, were it not for —— ;' and glancing in the direction of our destination, he sighed deeply, and was silent. 'Tell me,' he resumed abruptly, and addressing the apparitor, 'shall I be able to paint what I see here ?'

'Assuredly,' replied the other, 'in colours of unfading brightness, and with infinitely greater force and truth of representation than the greatest of earthly painters ever attained to.'

'And—and,' continued the artist, with some hesitation, 'exhibit my pictures ?'

'A *salon* is held annually in the city,' replied the apparitor. 'All pictures sent there for exhibition are accepted by the judges, and all are hung in the most favourable position for the display of their respective merits.'

The artist seemed gratified by the information as to the annual *salon*, but he seemed a little displeased at the idea that all pictures sent there were accepted. The apparitor, however, assured him that this by no means implied that all the pictures sent were of equal merit, and that there was therefore no room for emulation between the artists. 'No

effort of a spiritual painter,' he said, 'was so bad as to be rejected, but amongst the accepted there were infinite gradations of excellence. This assurance considerably relieved our friend.

'But yet,' he resumed, still undecided as to his future, 'but yet, to paint for ever the outer veil of things, curious and beautiful as it may be!—never to pass behind it to the sanctuary within! Nay, but shall I ever paint this veil as it should be painted, except I pass behind it? Is it not that hidden life, that unseen Spirit of things which, breathing through the canvas of the master, makes his work a masterpiece, and such as men call *great*? Great! and yet, what is it beside the things it represents? Ah! the master was but a man, and saw but partially, and heard but faintly. And shall I, then, for ever strain a painful eye to win fleeting glimpses of this hidden Spirit, and bend a dull ear to catch distant murmurs of his voice, whom I might see face to face, and talk with as a man talketh with his friend? No,' he continued, with growing enthusiasm; 'let me go with you, and returning with fuller inspiration to my art ——'

'Stay,' interrupted the apparitor, 'did you say "returning?" Excuse me, but you will not be permitted to return to your art, nor, of course, to pursue it there. Do as you please, by all means; but if you accompany your friends you will never paint another picture, not to say exhibit one.'

The artist was silent.

'Choose,' said the apparitor, curtly.

'I have chosen,' he replied, 'I remain. I exist only for my art, and such knowledge of the unseen world as would give me power and dignity of expression I would have; but if for the full knowledge of what is now hidden from my view, I must surrender the gift of interpretation, I will not raise the veil. I remain, content with the faint glimpses and the distant voice, so long as I may *reveal to others* the little that I see and hear. Adieu!'

It needed but a glance at his features to see that his determination was unalterable, and we bade him, at least, the poet and I, an affectionate farewell. But as we passed onwards to our unknown future, we threw back ever and anon glances of curiosity at our late companion, as he lay drinking in the beauty of that lovely valley, and troubled no longer by yearnings after the unknown.

And we wondered whether they would ever trouble him again.

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## CHAPTER X.

*THE HALL OF THE PHILOSOPHERS.*

It is impossible to describe the impatience which the philosopher had manifested at this episode, the indignation with which he regarded its cause, and the contempt which he evinced at its result. I almost think that he regarded the artist with more disdain than he regarded the country gentleman. His experience on earth had brought him to understand that there were persons who never troubled themselves about the mystery of their own being, or the mystery of the world without, who were much less interested in the operation of their minds than in the ministrations of their gastric glands, and who would have been unfeignedly surprised and perhaps a little indignant at the suggestion that a 'primrose by the river's brim' was anything more than the 'yellow primrose,' which it 'was to them.' But he could *not* understand, and he refused to tolerate a spirit who had felt the longing to penetrate the great secret, and yet turned aside from doing so that he might dally idly for eternity with the folds of the curtain that concealed it. He made no remark, however, upon our companion's choice, which indeed he would have thought it unworthy of him to criticize, and we continued our journey without speaking.

It was now nearly at an end. In a very brief space of time we had emerged from the valley and entered upon a plain, beautiful indeed, but with a severe and less luxuriant beauty, and much more limited in extent than the vast and glorious glen which we had left. It was, in fact, a mere plateau of table land, of what would be called in human language a few acres in extent, bounded on one side by the valley from which we were emerging, and on the other by what was apparently the precipitous brow of another valley, which ran from right to left as far as the eye could reach. Beyond the edge of this valley we could see nothing, but between it and us, and seemingly almost on the verge of the precipice, stood a building of vast dimensions.

'The end of our journey approaches,' said the apparitor, in a solemn voice, and pointing to the building before us. 'See. The Hall of the Philosophers.'

Our philosopher started at the word, and breathed the deep breath of the tired traveller who sees the goal of his wanderings at hand.

'Ha!' he exclaimed; 'the abode of the tranquil spirits whose life-questionings are set at rest at last. The place is holy. Courage, my friends, and press forward! We shall soon be there!'

‘But the river?’ said the poet inquiringly to the apparitor; ‘the river of the mystery, of which you spoke before. Have we not to cross that, to learn the answer to the great secret?’

‘Patience!’ was the reply, with a half-sad smile. ‘Patience; you will soon see.’

The philosopher had heard neither the question nor its answer. He was striding onwards with his long strides towards the Hall, and with such light upon his face as shines upon the face of the pilgrim of Islam, when the towers of Mecca first rise dim upon the sky-line of the desert. We followed, doubting.

As we drew nearer and nearer, a confused hum of voices floated towards us from the lofty open windows of the Hall.

‘Hark!’ said the philosopher, pausing and raising his hand. ‘Hark! the triumphant song of the satisfied spirits, the loud, glad utterances of perfected knowledge; the jubilant interchange of thoughts from those who doubt and dispute no longer, but who are at one for ever with each other and with the eternal Truth!’

‘Humph!’ said the poet, doubtfully. ‘It sounds to me much more like a lot of people quarrelling.’

‘And upon my word,’ I added, ‘I was just about to say the same thing.’

The philosopher turned and fixed upon us a withering look of contempt. Then, without vouchsafing a word in answer to our doubts, he pressed forward. We followed at a less eager speed, but still close behind him, and, in spite of our suspicions, with a hushed awe of expectation of which no mortal can form an idea.

But these suspicions deepened as we advanced. The murmur of voices grew into a Babel of tongues; the unmistakable sharp tones of contending disputants made themselves clearly heard; and every moment, as those sounds, so familiar to mortal ears, forced themselves upon our spiritualised organs, the feeling of awe and expectation gave way to disappointment and mere human curiosity.

At last, we could even distinguish articulations of sound, and, as we ascended the steps that led to the central door, a word of very familiar import smote upon our ears.

‘Hush!’ said the poet, pausing. ‘I could have sworn I heard the words “subjective truth.”’

We glanced at the philosopher. He was deadly pale; he had evidently heard them also.

‘That is ominous,’ he muttered; ‘the subject and the object of thought *should* be one to them, or else—but, pooh! why disturb ourselves unnecessarily? Probably some spirit is but fighting over again his earthly battles. Come, my friends, let us enter, and know all.’



And with a trembling hand he pushed open the great door, and we entered.

Never, while I live—and it must be remembered that, as I have entered on eternity, this expression has more than common significance—never while I live shall I forget the scene which then presented itself to our view. This Hall, whose dimensions, being utterly beyond the power of the human imagination to conceive, I will not mention, was crowded from end to end with the spirits of philosophers and their disciples, and nine-tenths of the crowd were declaiming at the same time, and at the very top of their voices. Some few of them were formed into little knots, dotted here and there over the floor of the Hall, and each comprising a half-dozen or so of listeners and a single speaker. These little groups consisted of a philosopher and his disciples; and here the harangue, being merely the exposition of philosophical views by a professor to a favourable audience, was carried on in a more moderate key. But by far the greater number of spirits were not lecturing, but disputing; not enunciating their own philosophical creed, but combating that of another; and from these the din was deafening and incessant. They disputed sometimes by single champions, and sometimes by whole schools at a time; and frequently one might witness a species of triangular or even quadrangular contest, in which three or four contending groups of philosophers simultaneously clashed together, amidst a perfect hurricane of tongues.

The philosopher gazed upon the scene in blank amazement and dismay. He seemed, in fact, more like a dreaming than a waking man. This confused Babel of contending voices, this waving forest of gesticulating hands, these ranks of excited, doubting, or passionate faces, where he had looked to find a calm group of consentient sages, peacefully congratulating each other on the perfect light which now shone upon all of them after their long gropings and wanderings in the dusk of human speculation—it must be admitted that the disappointment would have been severely felt by any one. To a spirit of our friend's peculiar temperament it was little less than crushing. He remained rooted to the ground, returning no answer to the words of encouragement or consolation which from time to time we kindly uttered, but staring at the groups before him with a look of horror-stricken astonishment miserable to behold.

'Let us leave him for a little,' whispered the apparitor, compassionately; 'I have frequently seen philosophers affected in this way on making their first entrance into the Hall. They recover in time, however. Shall we walk round, and take a look at what is going on?'

We assented at once, and followed our guide into the centre of the Hall. For me who, although myself somewhat disappointed in the character of the place, yet did not feel inclined to take the matter so

much to heart as the philosopher, the spectacle had much attraction and I found the controversies full of interest.

The disputants, just as in metaphysical discussions upon earth, spoke both at the same time, and frequently at the top of their voices; but owing no doubt to the peculiar power and keenness of the spiritual sense of hearing, none of them seemed to be embarrassed by this circumstance, but were apparently able to appreciate and do full justice to their opponents' arguments, while loudly and vigorously enunciating their own. It was indeed an intellectual treat to hear two rival arguments of the most extreme subtlety and abstruseness simultaneously elaborated and built up by two speakers, and to observe the acuteness and ingenuity with which one of them would meet and demolish the objection of his adversary, almost ere it had fallen from his lips.

In every discussion to which we stopped to listen, each disputant, as would naturally be the case in a controversy upon such a subject, obtained a complete victory over the other, but neither was in the least degree affected by it; and after the position of each had been utterly demolished by his adversary, they both continued the contest with unabated vigour.

Hardly less interesting were the little groups of unanimous philosophers who formed an audience of disciples round some professor who was expounding the tenets of their school; and the continual tendency of these knots of consentient spirits to break up into two or three rival bands of the bitterest disputants, gave a pleasing variety to this portion of the scene.

A professor, in the midst of a series of remarks to which his audience were expressing unanimous assent, would suddenly let fall a proposition which one of his hearers would loudly call in question; and in an instant the whole body of disciples would be broken up into two clamorous factions, one of them supporting the dictum of the professor, and the other that of his dissentient disciple. These two factions would, after a dispute of longer or shorter duration, separate with mutual expressions of contempt for each other's understanding, the professor would continue his lecture, and the original dissentient, now himself a substantive professor, would commence another, upon the principles involved in his objection, at a little distance. In a very short time, however, the same scene would reproduce itself amongst each of the rival schools, and further subdivisions would take place. It was owing, I suppose, to the incessant recurrence of these secessions that the groups of disciples round any given professor seldom numbered more than half-a-dozen spirits a piece.

This constant tendency to dissilience does not, however, operate unobstructedly, but is counteracted, to a certain slight extent, at least, by a



tendency of an exactly opposite nature. One occasionally sees two groups of spirits, who have been vehemently disputing for an immense period of time, suddenly discover that they are in reality not adversaries, but allies. One of these groups gives utterance, perhaps, to some principle which is cardinal to their school, and compared with which all others are of subsidiary importance, and, to their surprise, they discover that that principle meets with the ready adherence of their adversaries, and that both parties have throughout meant precisely the same thing. This attractive force does not operate by any means so frequently as its opposite.

We had nearly completed my circuit of the Hall, when our attention was attracted to two spirits who stood together apart from the rest, and disputing with each other with the utmost vehemence, and even, as it appeared to us, acrimony.

'Don't you know them?' said the apparitor, answering our looks of inquiry. 'You should at least know one of them. The one further from us is Professor Wolken sprach. You had heard of him on earth, of course.'

'All Europe has heard of him,' was the reply of the poet, as he gazed with curiosity on the great transcendental philosopher. 'But pray who is the other, who is arguing with him with such exceeding warmth?'

'That,' replied the apparitor, 'is the spirit of Mr. —, the author of "The Secret of Wolken sprach." He and Herr Wolken sprach have been engaged now for a considerable time in disputing as to the meaning of the Professor's theories, of which Mr. — has discovered the secret.'

'But how,' said the poet, 'is it possible for any man to dispute an author's meaning with the author himself?'

'In the transcendental philosophy, such a position is not untenable,' replied the apparitor, drily. 'In that region of thought, no philosopher having the modesty of true philosophy will venture to speak of his own meaning with absolute confidence. Besides, a discussion of this kind may easily be diverted to collateral issues; and Mr. — has probably been contending that, if the secret of Wolken sprach is not revealed by what his commentator has written on the subject, why, so much the worse for the secret.'

We had now made our tour of the Hall, and we stood again by the dejected figure of the philosopher. Our approach roused him from his melancholy trance. Turning to the apparitor with a passionate gesture,

'Is this all, then?' he cried. 'Have you deceived me here also, as I have been deceived on earth? But no! no! it cannot be: this Hall of weary, turbulent dispute—this eternal renewal of the endless controversy of earth—*this* cannot be the end of all my struggles. Surely there is some peaceful inner sanctuary of this vast building, whither

those wearied with the din and conflict of the hopeless struggle may betake themselves, and the veil be lifted from their eyes !'

Before the apparitor could answer, a spirit from a neighbouring group, who had overheard us, hastened to our side.

'No need to leave this Hall,' he said, 'for the knowledge that you seek. There,' pointing to a professor addressing a small group of disciples, 'there you may hear the most perfect solution of the problem ever offered.'

'The *most* perfect !' muttered the philosopher, bitterly. 'Degrees of perfection in absolute truth ! What,' he continued aloud, 'you mean the solution of the problem of the human consciousness ?'

'Ay !' replied the other, with remarkable glibness, 'in its relation both to the *ego* and the *non ego*—the law of its self-originated changes—the law of its changes in connection with the so-called external world, and the nature of that external world itself.'

He rattled off the heads of his system with so much of the showman's volubility that I, in whom, even at that inopportune moment, the old spirit of irreverence would crop up, momentarily expected him to conclude his list of discoveries by the announcement of a small charge for their exhibition.

It was far otherwise with the philosopher. The supernatural confidence which marked the speaker's utterances revived for a moment the drooping hopes of our disappointed companion.

'You can do all this ?' he exclaimed.

'Our school has indeed succeeded in doing so,' replied the other. 'We have done the business thoroughly and once for all. Let me explain our philosophy to you ; I can do it in a moment. In the first place, the mind of man'——

'Stop !' said the philosopher, who knew from his earthly experience the probable duration of a lecture commencing thus ; 'stop ! One question and answer before I go further with you. Explain the mystery of perception. *How* does man get his belief in an external world ? Does it exist, and what is it *in itself*, apart from those organs of sense that we suppose it in some way to affect, and apart from that mind that is conscious of their changes ?'

'What is it ?' replied the other. 'Why, nothing—nothing whatever. The subject and the object of perception are identical : what you call 'the external world' exists in the mind, and not elsewhere. The innumerable objects, as you call them, of the senses are but the innumerable creations of the consciousness, having no existence except as being felt and thought.'

'Yes ! yes !' cried the philosopher, eagerly ; 'but how do you know that ?'



'How do I know it?' said the other, slightly irritated. 'Because the most rigorous mental analysis fails to'——

'Oh, enough! enough! I have heard all this on earth,' exclaimed our companion, more passionately than ever. 'To the point, and say why—*why* we believe that externally to ourselves'——

'Because the mind objectifies its own creations.'

'But *why* does it so? *Why*?'

'By reason of an invariable law which'——

'Away!' cried the philosopher, in bitter disappointment. 'The old vicious circle from unfounded assumption to assumption as unfounded, and the secret still gliding from our grasp as we reach the hand to clutch it! Leave me; leave me! Did I quit the world of images for the world of realities, as I thought, that I should have the shadowy creeds of Idealism thrust upon me here?'

'No, indeed,' said a voice beside us; 'leave him and follow me.'

'Follow you,' said the philosopher, turning to him half desperately; 'and whither?'

'To the true knowledge,' replied the voice—a mocking, bitter voice, that rang in our ears like the laughter of a demon over the illusions of human hope; 'to the knowledge that there is nothing more that thou canst know.'

'Ah!' exclaimed the philosopher, with the cry of one who sees an exorcised spectre rise up once more at his side, grim and inexorable, not again to be laid.

'This external world that you speak of,' said the second spirit—'this world that, on earth, you knew *must* exist, though you could not prove its existence, and you knew not *how* it existed—this it is that you have come here to know?'

'Yes! yes!' cried the philosopher. 'Speak; what have you to tell me of it?'

'You would know it *in itself*—in the mystery of its self-existence,' continued the other. 'The changes of your sentient being, that forced you to believe in its existence, told you nothing of its *true* objective nature—revealed to you nothing but the miracle that it, being *not you*, could act upon and work changes in *you*. And it is this world in its objective nature that you would know, and understand the miracle of its action upon you? Is it not so?'

'It is! it is!'

'And you think it possible so to know it?'

'I do; I must,' cried the philosopher, but with so faint a hope in his voice that it sounded almost more piteous than despair.

'Fool!' was the reply. *Know* this? you ask to *know* it? Ah! strange human dream! that man should not wake himself from you by

the very words he utters in his sleep! How canst thou *know* but in a sentient mind? Is not the very word thou usest meaningless, unless it carries with it all the limitations from which thou so longest to be free? Must not thy very knowledge of the absolute nature of what is without thee limit it, and make it relative to thy mind that knows? Thou canst find and know the object of thy search then, and then only, when "know" and "object" are words which mean nothing to thee—nay, when the very mind which would apprehend their meaning has itself ceased to be. Come, have done with dreaming, and with words which are but the mutterings of a dream. Awake, and learn the truth! On the one hand, conscious life, with the eternal limitations of consciousness themselves recognised as eternal. On the other hand, annihilation—the eternal Nothing! Choose: there is no third.

The swift darkness of a great despair fell on the rugged visage of the philosopher, as speeds down the scarped face of a precipice the shadow from the cloud-veil of the hidden sun.

'I choose,' he cried in a terrible voice, 'Annihilation!'

'Hold,' said the apparitor, 'it is enough. Deceive him no further. There is a third course open to all, which whoso dares may take.'

'A third course? What? Whither?' exclaimed the philosopher, turning breathless upon our guide.

'A third course!' echoed the other spirit, with his mocking laugh, 'oh, yes! a third course indeed. Pray let him hear it, and see it, too, by all means.'

'Follow me,' said the apparitor, and he strode through the hall to the further end, and passed out at the great door opposite to that by which we entered. We followed him in silence from the hall, and found ourselves on a wide smooth lawn, sloping down to the abrupt edge of that ravine that stretched across the whole landscape.

Following our guide's footsteps, we approached the edge of the ravine, and looked out over it. In the distance a dense veil of gloom hiding all that was beyond.

At our feet, flowing silently, a dark broad river.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### THE RIVER OF THE MYSTERY—CONCLUSION.

'Look!' said the apparitor, stretching out his hand before him, 'there lies the path of which I spoke. Whoso will plunge in and ford this river, the secrets of his being shall vex him no longer.'



'Admirably put,' muttered the spirit, who had followed us from the hall, with a malicious smile. We seemed to be standing on the confines of Day and Night. All around us shone the pure white light of the other world. The height upon which we stood, and the steep sides of the bank which sloped abruptly down to the river at our feet, were alike bathed in its radiance, as also were the nearer waters of the stream. But over the mid-channel the broad daylight faded into the dusk of evening, and the bright moving water beneath it dulled into the leaden hue of twilight seas. A few paces further, and the river gloomed into purple under the gathering shadows, and beyond a black pall of darkness hung alike over the water and the further shore.

We stood gazing on this screen of night in silence, one thought foremost in the minds of all. It rose first to the lips of the poet.

'What lies behind that veil?' asked he of the apparitor, in a low voice.

'I know not,' was the answer, in the same tone. 'None know it here; to none upon the hither side of the river comes there sight or sound from behind that ever-drawn curtain of the night. Those, and they are few, who ford the river disappear within its folds, and we see and hear them no more. What befalls them we know not. We only have it in charge from our master to say that to whomsoever the burden of the mystery of life is intolerable, let him cross the river.'

'And pray will he obtain the solution of it on the opposite bank?' inquired our new acquaintance, in the same tone of light raillery. 'And, if so, will he be furnished with a set of entirely new, self-contradictory, and mutually-destructive faculties to enable him to understand the solution which he obtains?'

'I have said,' said the apparitor coldly, 'that I know not, nor know any of us what awaits him on the further shore. All we know and can tell him is that *here* at least he will find no answer to the eternal question of his spirit.'

'Enough!' cried the philosopher, 'you have said enough. *Here* there is no answer. Whatever befall me, I will seek it there.'

'Wretched dreamer!' cried our cynical acquaintance, arresting him. 'Would you plunge into annihilation?—for it is, it can be nothing else. Once more; how can the eternal barriers between the seer and the seen, be overpassed? How, but by the destruction of the conscious life and the fusion of its elements with the world without it?'

'Not so,' cried the poet suddenly, 'who knows that it may not be, though the resumption of both into the Infinite Being of Nature, whose manifestations both are.'

'Oh! "the Infinite Being!"' exclaimed the spirit, turning with a scorn as infinite upon his interlocutor. 'I ask your pardon. I had forgotten that

polite form of the doctrine of annihilation, which does such good service by the name of Pantheism.'

'Annihilation!' cried the poet.

'Ay!' said the other sternly. 'The Infinite Being, who will absorb your soul, how differs he from the Infinite Nothing, who gathers spirits from yonder Court of Sleepers?' Nowise, but in a single word. Matters it to the waves that rise from the bosom of the sea, whether they disappear in vapour or sink back, lost, indistinguishable, into the vast deep from which they sprang? Go then, thou too! Lay aside the perceptions which were to you, a poet, as an eternal vision of glory! Lay aside the imagination which multiplied a hundred-fold, and glorified a thousand-fold, the images of the perceptions! Go! Be absorbed in the Infinite Being, and as the last sweet moment of thy separate consciousness flees from thee for ever, console thyself if thou canst, by the reflection that thou wilt become "a thought of the universal mind." Ha! ha!'

The poet was silent, deeply moved.

'Or, stay and laugh with me at the eternal world-jest of the grim mocker, in whose hands we are and at the folly of the fools whom it deludes. Think how he has spread out before us a gorgeous tapestry that we may gaze our fill upon, and when we weary of it close our eyes to it for ever; and at the same time has whispered in irony unto each of us: "*Go there* and peep behind!" And some of us know that behind it is the abyss, and we abide, laughing, in our places, and others go up gaping greedily for that which is not, and with their joy in it yet unsatiated, perish. Come, *you* are not of them. You at least will stay.'

But still the poet answered him not a word.

'For you,' the spirit continued, turning to the philosopher, 'for you I do not—'

But he stopped, for the philosopher stood before him with his great purpose looking plainly from his lighted eyes.

'Silence,' he cried, 'I go. For me the glories that you prate of are dimmed and quenched in the shadows of my soul. If the ceaseless longings of my earthly life were but the lying whispers of an almighty mocker, so be it. I shall perish and they will cease. The truth! the truth! though the truth be Death!'

And in a moment he stood at the bottom of the ravine and on the brim of the river.

A moment more and he had waded to the belt of twilight that overhung the mid-stream. There he paused, turned, waved one last adieu, and disappeared. And to us, gazing, it seemed as if the last rays of the light he was quitting had fallen upon the transfigured face of a god.

In the sudden shock of his departure we hardly noticed the slender figure of a woman descend the bank into the river and follow the philo-



sopher into the gloom. But when I looked round, the widow was no longer at my side.

‘What,’ I exclaimed, ‘has the widow crossed the river?’

‘She has,’ said the apparitor, with a smile. ‘Such things are not uncommon. Her husband is nowhere to be found on this side of the river.’

‘Humph!’ said the cynical spirit, ‘he has probably taken his departure *via* the Court of the Sleepers. Annihilated most likely. Still it comes to pretty much the same thing.’

‘Many women cross the river,’ continued the apparitor without heeding him: ‘nay, save the few philosophers who cross it, none, I think, but women, ever do so. No other passions dare to face that awful gloom of the unknown, save the sage’s longing for the hidden truth, and the woman’s yearning for her lost love.’

‘You stay?’ said our new acquaintance, addressing the poet.

‘Yes,’ replied the poet, sternly; ‘I stay, but begone thou! I stay not to mock, but to wonder and to pity. I need not to crush the infinite longings of my spirit with a cruel jest. I can soothe them with a calm thou knowest not of—the calm of poetry.’

I looked up at him as he thus spoke, and I saw that indeed a great calm had come over him.

‘Yes, my friend,’ he said, answering my look of surprise. ‘I see my error now. I no longer seek to penetrate the mystery. I am at rest. On the confines of the two worlds is the poet’s place. Between the known and the unknown should he stand, resigned to neither, communing with both: interpreting the whispers of the visible world by the inspiration of his genius, pouring the soul’s longing for the unseen into the passion of his song: and so singing, and so interpreting he shall win peace for himself and for those who hear.’

But *I* wander, restless and irresolute, on the hither shore. Behind me the Valley of Earthly Beauty sleeps fair beneath the unearthly light of the spirit world. The dim purple of its mountain peaks, the faint silver of its torrents, the soft brown of its sloping uplands and embosoming woods, thrill and move me as in the world which I have left.

Before me hangs for ever the awful gloom-curtain over the mid-channel of the river, for ever drawing my eyes towards it, from the sweet scenes behind me, by a subtle, irresistible force, for ever arousing in me the vague yearnings to penetrate it, that disquieted me in the world which I have left.

From the Hall of the Philosophers comes always the hubbub of wrangling voices, disputing the Unknowable.

And sometimes, in my bitterness, I will seek the bitter spirit who mocked the philosopher, and will laugh with him, as, with his pitiless logic he proves to the seekers who successively arrive that there is nothing for them to find.

But this never soothes, and soon wearies me; and when my disquietude is at its deepest I will go and sit for a space at the feet of the poet and listen to the song which he pours out for ever to those who will hear.

So sitting, and so listening, my longings are stilled within me, and I share for a little while the repose of his unbroken calm.

THE END.



# SISTERS AND LOVERS.

DEUTSCHES STILL-LEBEN.

‘Tral-lal-la!’

Der doctor der ist da.’



OW merrily sounded the voice of my sister Julia, as thus singing she danced into the room.

‘Now, Fräulein Vanda, there he is. I have sent for him, and I am very ill indeed—dying! Ah, me! I have—what ache? Make haste! I hear him on the stairs. What ache, I say? Oh, there! the pain in my chest, my heart, my arm. Ah, me! I am fainting.’

Bright sister Julia threw herself into the causeuse, and put on a miserable face, just as two gentlemen entered the room.

‘Doctor, doctor! I am so very bad—quite exhausted. It is I who have sent for you. Ah, me!’

But as Julia raised her moist down-cast eyes she saw before her our house doctor, and—a fine tall officer, in full regimentals.

She sprang up. ‘I didn’t send for a military nurse into the bargain, Dr. Berg. Why in the world do you introduce soldiers into a sick lady’s chamber?’

‘Very sick, Fräulein Julia?’ said the doctor, laughing.

‘Dying! But surely the military nurse has a name.’

‘And a big one. Allow me, young ladies. I beg to introduce to you my uncle, Major Schnell, a brave soldier, of a soldier’s line; can go back to the Seven, the Thirty, and any years’ war—to the squabbles of all the German Emperors—aye, to the Crusades. Ladies, Major Schnell belongs to a line of fighters for glory and love; only the latter my worthy uncle has not yet tried, for he is still unmarried. Have I not introduced him well?’

The major stood before us, blushing and confused. I did not know why, but looking at him turned me giddy. Surely I knew nothing of him that his face should affect me, but it did, honest and good as it was.

‘Fräulein Vanda, how are *you* this morning, since the supposed patient appears to have recovered of herself?’ So said Dr. Berg, as he came gently up to me, looking deep into my eyes, and as Julia and the major were in hilarious conversation, adding softly, ‘No message for me, Vanda, when Julia sent?’

‘Why, doctor, did you want a message? would you not come without it?’

‘Vanda, you are always severe; no smile for me? Come, will you go into the grounds, say to the lake? I want to say something to you. The two will follow us.’

We went. From the castle steps such a beautiful scene lay before us. At the back rose the dusky mountains, not high enough to look formidable, but gently sloping down towards the lake, that spread at our right away into the tree-clad hilly distance. On the mountain-top, at the opposite shore, the tall, gaunt ruin of ancient times, over which the morning sun threw a golden shifting light; before us the road planted with cherry trees, and to our left the fields, with the young waving corn; the birds every now and then winging up from the green blades, the hares rustling through them, and the grasshoppers chirping sweetly their happy early summer song. We lived in Saxon-Switzerland, as it is called; beautiful was the situation of our estate, kindly the people that dwelt around it, and life seemed to smile on us girls, motherless though we were.

Dr. Berg and I went on, turning to the right towards the thick foliage of the lake scenery.

‘Now, Vanda, serious again?’

‘I shall be serious if you call me so.’

‘But why not be merry? It maketh my heart glad to see you smile, for I never hear you laugh like Julia.’

‘No, I could not. Remember, doctor, she is seventeen, and I am twenty-three.’

‘And, pray, should we not laugh at twenty-three? I am twenty-four.’



‘A man at twenty-four is as young as a girl at seventeen.’

‘I don’t think so,’ said the doctor, with a peculiar accent. Somehow I did not like the remark; it stung me. I began to hang behind a little, for Dr. Berg, to whom I was secretly betrothed, had all at once forgotten what he meant to say so particularly. We dawdled along in silence. The others came up, Julia radiant with joy and happiness at being, I suppose, in existence; the major tired almost with laughing at her sallies. He was carrying his arms full of all sorts of trophies they had gathered on the way. Suddenly I found myself by the major’s side, and saw Julia in front of me with Dr. Berg, talking briskly, looking up at him archly now and then, he bending down to her in return. I did not like it, why I knew not, and my eyes got a little, just a little, moist.

‘Tell me something about that ruin, Fräulein,’ said a sonorous voice next to me. I had forgotten the major.

‘Oh, there is an old, old story clinging to it, about mediæval times and the Saxon wars; but the castle is said to have come to ruin for a lady’s sake.’

‘Really?’

‘She jilted her lover; he joined the freebooters, and then she sat weeping on the top, day after day, lastly casting herself into the lake and leaving a curse on the walls. No one ever cared to live there, and the place crumbled to its present state.’

We talked on, gravely, about the beauty of the scenery, the many historical memories of the neighbourhood, and finally a little about ourselves. Every now and then my eyes wandered to the two before us. Suddenly I saw them no more; they had disappeared in the road round the mountain. I turned again giddy, and leant against a tree. Below me was the still blue lake, the eye of the earth, as Heine called it, speaking so softly to my anxious heart. Anxious, I knew not why, for was Dr. Berg not my own choice, and had he not always been the same considerate man, the same pleasing friend? Did my soul ask for more? When he meant to be passionate I had drawn back, as if I feared it was not real—it would not last.

‘Are you ill, Fräulein?’

‘Oh, no,’ I gasped.

‘But you look ill; you are pale; what is it?’ I just remembered that a strong arm set me down on the grass under the tree, that a quick step ran and brought water from the lake in a soldier’s cap, and that a broad man’s hand wetted my cold temples with it. I revived; ‘Thank you,’ I said faintly, and looking up, I found two such honest blue eyes fixed upon my face, that I coloured and turned away.

Steps were approaching; the two had evidently missed us, and were coming back.

'What is it, Vanda? quick, tell me;' said Dr. Berg, as he bent solicitously over me.

'Nothing, thank you,' I answered, coldly.

'Sister darling, are you ill? How pale you look!' Julia added, her face flushing crimson, her eyes swimming with some superabundant feeling of happiness.

'No, thank you, I am quite well;' and, giddy as I was, I managed to rise, and, taking the major's proffered arm, walked homeward, the two silently following us.

\* \* \* \* \*

We were alone again, Julia and I; the gentlemen had taken a light lunch, and Dr. Berg and I had parted, not as betrothed, but as mere acquaintances. I knew I was jealous, and jealous of my sister Julia. Julia sat dreaming away the afternoon, till she started off and ran by herself back the same way we had gone in the morning. It was quite dusk when she returned. The next day brought us some letters—one from our father, telling us that he would come on the morrow, and bring with him our young brother from the Military Academy, the other addressed to me by the major. I give my letter as I had it:—

'Adored Fräulein,—I am a plain man and a soldier; you must, therefore, forgive many words. I have never felt myself in love before, but I am in love, bachelor of forty as I am, with your sensible, kind face. Will you have me? I will watch day and night for your smallest wish; I will bend my soul to yours; I will chase care from your angelic countenance; and I will kiss your sweet, soft hands daily, hourly, to show you I am your devoted, constant lover. Pray, consent to be mine, and I will hurry home to prepare, and come back for you in a month.

'Your humble servant,

'AUGUSTUS SCHNELL,'

'Major in the Hussars.'

I was very angry; it seemed treacherous to me that Dr. Berg should not even by a word have mentioned his position towards me. We had been betrothed for a few months; Julia had not been at home then, but had returned during the last few weeks, and ever since, matters had not gone smoothly between the doctor and myself. But this offer of the uncle, while my heart I knew well, was solely given to the nephew, vexed me exceedingly. Red and angry as I seldom was, I held the letter in my hand, when we heard some one drive up; it was Dr. Berg himself. The moment he entered, I attacked him: 'Do I owe this to you, Dr. Berg? Could you not have avoided it?'

He read the letter. 'Poor uncle!' he said, 'he deserves a better fate



than he will get. I'll send the letter back, Vanda. Don't be offended ; an honest man's proffered love need give no offence.'

But I was not pacified, and flounced out of the room. Well bred as I was, I could have boxed the doctor's ears ; since I could not do that, I went to my room, and had a good cry.

I would not see the doctor again, though he apparently remained some hours to see me. Julia kept him company. I almost began to hate my sister. What right had she to speak to my betrothed ? What right ? Perhaps a sister's, whispered conscience. Fudge and nonsense ! I knew no sisterly love dictated her solicitude.

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My father came with my brother ; there was high glee between Julia and him.

'How beautiful you are getting, Julia ; really you will be the belle in Dresden next winter. You, Vanda, look pale and elderly. What grieves you ? Don't you get mopish. Let's be off, Julia ; take your hat, and come along to the ruin.'

I looked after them—elderly, indeed, I appeared. I hated both my brother and sister. My father noticed my depression of spirits, and asked me the cause. I had no cause to give, and grew sulky. I spoke little ; the evil spirit of jealousy was gnawing and gnawing at my heart. Dr. Berg came not for a couple of days—he who had ever been so attentive, who never missed a day in presenting me with some sign of his affection—flowers, music, new books, ornaments, or something else—he neither called nor wrote, and I was getting uneasy, for my nature was true and faithful ; no frivolous pursuits had been mine, and with all the strength of an earnest spirit I clung to the doctor. Would he give me up ? Had he forgotten his vow ? Was I really getting elderly ?—oh ! horrid thought ! Had he begun to love Julia ?

I sat at the window that overlooked the lake, the tears falling fast into my lap. It seemed so dark in the world without that cheery voice of Dr. Berg asking 'Fräulein Vanda, wie geht's heute ?' It was not a lover's question, but we had always understood its deeper meaning. While I sat so I heard my brother run up into my room.

'You are crying, Vanda. Oh, do come with me ; I'll show you something will make you die laughing. I shan't say what. Now do come.'

He dragged me with him, without bonnet or shawl, along the path to the mountains, round the base, up towards the ruin.

'Make haste, we might miss it ; it is such a surprise, and such a bit of fun.'

So we rather ran up than walked the steep winding road, till we came into the thicker wood, and got close to the ruin. I thought I heard voices. 'Hush ! Vanda, or we shall disturb them.' Now I did hear

voices. Good heavens! it was the Doctor and Julia! I almost lay down flat on the ground, regardless of my pretty muslin dress. I held my breath; through the foliage I could see them. He had his arm round her waist; he pleaded passionately for his great love, which, try as he would, he could not subdue. He said that I should know all; that I had a noble nature, that I would forgive and consent to the change, and that Julia would then honestly become his. He pleaded and urged, till Julia, half a wayward child still, laid her head on his shoulder, and cried. This was too much for him. He took her fully into his arms; he held her there in a close embrace; he showered kisses on her! I could bear no more. My brother whispered: 'Ain't it a jolly bit of fun? Come away now,' and half dragged me off, for my limbs tottered under me.

'Are you sorry for them, Vanda?' said George; 'don't you think papa will consent?'

But speech was beyond me; I moved my lips, without producing a sound.

'Don't be jealous, Vanda; you know you are too old-looking for him. Did you want him?' George did not know we had been betrothed.

I answered not; I managed to get home, and went shivering to my own room, where I meant to think; think—oh, think—I could not think. Only one thing appeared necessary: to be the first in cutting the knot that tied us. So, shaking as if with ague, I wrote the following lines:—

'Dear Doctor Berg,—I have considered our relative position, and I wish to annul our betrothal; my father, who, with my sister, alone knows it, will consent. The few tokens you gave me you might think me rude to return, so I will keep them in remembrance.

'Yours truly,

'VANDA.'

This note I sent off by messenger to the doctor's house in the next town, and then I laid my weary head on my pillow, unable to harbour even an idea.

Dusk closed in; my mind was still in a state of aberration; when a soft footstep approached my bed, and my sister's voice said:

'Vanda—do, Vanda, tell me—did you know anything? He has just ridden here furiously; his horse is steaming with heat. Vanda, he has had your letter; do you mean it—do you give him up?'

The cruel girl—her words gave me courage. 'Yes, Julia; I never could be happy with him.'

'May I, sister? If you do not love him, may I?'

'If you like, Julia.'



'Oh, Vanda, thank you—thank you ; I shall run and tell him. We love each other so dearly, but we were afraid of you ; we were afraid you might be attached to him, as you were betrothed, and you might feel it. Oh, I had not the courage to refuse his love ; Vanda, sister, pardon a poor wayward girl. I played at first with him, like a child, till little by little there crept into my heart this great, big, enormous love ; and when he said all those wild things to me—that I had, with my childish ways, drawn him into the meshes, that he adored me like a goddess—then I could not say "Nay." Vanda, do say you forgive me.'

I murmured something, and begged to be left alone ; away she flew, to tell the doctor of my forgiveness.

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I constrained my feelings ; I hid my sorrow ; I even looked upon their happiness. Still, every day came some token of the doctor's regard for me ; but Julia was surrounded with care, covered with presents, deified, lifted into the clouds. My father shook his head, looked at me, kissed me tenderly, and whispered, 'It is best so, Vanda ; you were not young enough.' What had youth to do with my feelings ? Sometimes I could have run to the doctor, and begged him on my knees to give me back even his moderate affection, and to let me show him my great, deep love—a love great enough to renounce him—when I found another would make him happier. Then I opened my eyes. Oh, had I allowed his passionate nature free play—had I been less reserved—perhaps he would have loved me more. At that moment, Julia's elegant form and radiant face appeared opposite to me :

'Tral—la—la !

Der doctor der ist da—'

she sang, as she ran downstairs to receive him. I never could do that ; I had waited quietly, in the old days, till he came up, she ran to meet him with her glowing nature.

The doctor had never pressed our marriage, but he pressed theirs ; my father objected, on account of Julia's age, the doctor was obstinate. Three months, and no more, would he wait ; she must be his entirely, or he might lose her.

I helped to prepare all the handsome trousseau, for my father was well off, and our family was of good standing. I was even bridesmaid with my cousins and the doctor's sister. I kissed Julia as she went away after the ceremony ; I gave my trembling hand to her husband, who looked at me honestly, with quivering lips, and kissed my hand respectfully.

'Vanda,' he said, 'I could not have made you happy. I wanted that affection you could or would not give me.' And then I had done my duty.

'Father dear,' I said to him that evening, 'you will allow me to leave you now? I could not see them return married. *That* I cannot bear; so I shall accept my aunt's invitation, and go home with my cousins. Ernestine, the eldest, will stay and take care of you.'

My father drew me to him. 'Vanda, why didst thou not tell me? Didst thou care for him?'

I hid then, for the first time my face on his shoulder, and wept, wept, wept, for my lost life and lost happiness.

'Poor child! I am very sorry.' He pressed me close to him, and sat by me, quite stilly, till I had wept enough. He dried my tears and stroked my hair. 'Go with them, Vanda; it will be best. I should break my heart to see you grieve, and so would they.'

'Hush, father; no one knows that but you.'

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We came to the fortress town, where my cousins lived. A new life opened to me here. The close regulated society of a whole corps of married officers' families received me, and the eternal round of visits and small social entertainments would not allow me to think. The very first week we went to an officers' ball. I objected to go, as I knew I was becoming almost plain, so little animation was in my face; but they would not hear of it. We entered the brilliantly-lit rooms, we sat down. I looked around, and opposite to me stood Major Schnell. I could not help it—I bowed and smiled. He started, looked, and was by my side in an instant. Ah, that was love I could see; the tall, manly form was leaning towards me with such *empressement* as the doctor never had shown. My vanity was flattered, I felt my colour rise, I felt my tongue loosen. I stood up, and we danced the first 'galop.' The major was an excellent dancer, and I heard people say, 'How handsome a couple! How well they suit each other!' for I was tall and slim too.

Dear major, to have seen him, who would have denied him the pleasure of a few smiles and kindly words? He looked at me earnestly after the dance: 'Fräulein Vanda, you were very cruel once; you thought me abrupt. I heard from Berg; but he did not say you refused me.'

'Did the doctor not tell you that'——

'What?'

'Oh, nothing; it does not matter;' for I found that the doctor had not told his uncle we had been betrothed at the time of his first proposal.

We danced again and again, till people whispered and smiled, and we had to leave off; but the major positively said that he would not allow me to dance with anyone else. When cloaks were taken and adieus offered, he whispered—

'Fräulien Vanda, I must see you myself to-morrow morning.' I looked at him and nodded.



At home that night I had to bear all the teasing of my cousins. 'Really, Vanda, you are changed; never knew you could dance like that; never thought you half as handsome as you are. Why, you made quite a sensation. You are really much younger looking at night. What glorious hair you have got, and such a sweet smile. Why, you have turned our good dear Major Schnell's head, and no wonder either.'

I slept soundly that night; it was so delightful to know someone cared for you, after all that miserable, lonely time someone who would show you real interest; further I dreamt not yet—but there was no resting on won laurels with the major. He came the next morning. He asked, he pleaded, he implored; he told me he had loved me devotedly from the first moment he saw me; he said I was getting more beautiful, I was his star, he could look up to me; and I dare not refuse him, or put him off again.

I know I never answered, for that dead love would still come up; but whether I said anything or not, I found myself in strong arms, showers of kisses on my face, my hair and hands, and a ring on my finger.

'Be a soldier's bride, Vanda?'

Then that word touched me. I laid my hand on his arms; I looked straight at him. 'Will you be faithful?'

'Vanda, child, I could not be otherwise. I have never professed love before.'

To him I was a child, for him I was not elderly looking. I glanced up into the glass. Well, I looked another being, and, hiding my face, I said, 'Yes.'

It was a stormy time, for the major would *not* leave me. My father consented at once. My trousseau was prepared; I went home, the major followed, and in a few weeks we were married; but not at home. A still small voice said, 'Keep away, for the major's sake.' So my aunt gave us the wedding, and we started on a long tour.

When a good man loves his new wife, he is evidently inclined to spoil her, and the major did his best to do it. He was moderately rich, but Cræsus could not have been more generous. '*His Vanda, his wife, his own.*' I heard it all day, and for very thankfulness I had to caress him and be grateful that he had not allowed God's love to die in my heart, and let me be a lost, lone woman all the days of my life. Only such strong affection as his—an affection that would not be denied—could have saved me.

We saw Italy from north to south, and returned home in a twelve-month, going straight to my father's estate. I heard that Julia held her first-born in her arms, and that the doctor was wild with joy. The morning after our arrival I rode over with the major to the doctor's house. I entered softly my sister's room; she had just dozed, and looked

up so fresh and lovely from her white pillow in her easy chair. When she saw me, and glanced then at her babe, her face was dyed crimson.

'Vanda, dearest sister, you have come at last!' Her small, pretty hand was extended to me. 'Why, how changed you are, Vanda; you look as young again.'

My vanity was soothed; my heart was satisfied. I need not be jealous, for I was happy too.

'Julia, it is best as it is.' I kissed her tenderly, sisterly; and then I took the babe and held it up to me, as if I too could love it, though it was theirs.

The doctor had entered unperceived; he looked at the scene, came up to me, took me and the child in his arms, and kissed me there straight before his wife. I thought he had never kissed me so warmly as his betrothed.

'God bless you, Vanda; you have brightened the only black spot in our life. God bless you, sister!'

'May I?' The major put in his face. 'Oh!' he said, and came nearer; 'kissing my wife. Doctor, I am jealous—very jealous. I allow kissing to no one.'

The doctor looked at us both; he smiled. He went with his uncle into the window embrasure, and whispered a few words to him. The major turned to me: 'Vanda, you should have told me that; I thought I was the first. Poor fool!' he added, bitterly; 'as if such a woman had taken me for the first.'

I went up to him and looked at him: 'Augustus, do you love me?'

'I could not otherwise; it has grown into my nature.'

'*Your* love saved me—saved us all; and *your* love has made me a thousand times happier than I could ever have been had I followed the dictates of my own stubborn heart.' I was not given to long speeches, so I put my hands up to him, took his bearded face into them, and looked the downright, wifely, happy, satisfied look into his honest blue eyes. It was enough. 'I understand,' he said; 'I won you for me and for yourself.'

Those two at the other end had forgotten us, they were deeply intent on their child's beauty. We contemplated them, the doctor looked at me, scrutinised me I thought, till I blushed; then he came over to the major and whispered something about another first-born to be prepared for—some time hence; and the major, who had as yet known nothing, for he was blind in his love, took me right up in his arms, and cried 'Hurrah!'

'Tral—la—la!'

Der docter der ist da—'

joined my sister, faintly and joyously.

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DRAWN BY E. F. C. CLARKE.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.





# THE ANCIENT DRAMA AND THE MODERN NOVEL.

BY KENINGALE COOK.

THE present century has witnessed the development, to an overpowering bulk, of a species of literature almost new. There have been, it is true, in various countries at various epochs, desultory and unsustained efforts in a similar direction ; but nothing at all approaching the scope, solidity, or variety of the present literary irruption has ever been known before. A progress so speedy and assured must have a meaning, and must denote that some national gap is being filled up, that some long-felt general want is being supplied. This new and large development indeed comes in place of an old institution which circumstances have diverted from its original uses, and the ancient idea of which is becoming extinguished. The drama, as it once existed, is obsolete and extinct ; it still exists, but no longer as the chief representative of popular intellectual life. We will endeavour to trace the connexion between this ancient institution and its modern substitute. We must be careful to remember that a complex state of existence cannot be so completely represented by any one intellectual development, as it was possible for a simpler epoch to be. Science, or art, or ethics, might reasonably sneer at the idea of the novel being the sole intellectual representative of a civilised nation. Before we can treat it, too, as the greatest popular representative of meditative life—that is of life as considered apart from immediate politics and the events of each day, we must include, with what it is, a little of what we expect it yet to be. Let us endeavour to go backwards, and look upon the ancient drama. We find ourselves naturally in Greece, amid a throng who are eagerly crowding into an immense amphitheatre, by the side of which Drury Lane or Covent Garden would look a pigmy. That crowd will spend steadily hour after hour of a long day in witnessing a representation of selected works of their greatest tragedians. The day is a festal day, but its pursuits are followed in a serious spirit. Immense swarms, who have, compared with our own times, but few channels of

ideal instruction open to them, are flocking with one accord into one place. It is the working man's holiday, and he has found something to engage it pleasantly; something not corresponding to Rosherville or Cremorne, for tastes differ in different countries and ages. At the place whither he is bent he will have a mighty impregnation of ideas—even of sublime ideas, open to him; and there the grandest manifestations of thought evolved by the national mind will be so represented as to become in a great measure intelligible to him. The ancient drama united both grandeur and popularity, and from so simple a mode of mingled instruction and delight as its noble representations might afford, it is easy to understand that great results might accrue. In truth, considering the opportunities that the Greeks possessed, we cannot discover that any better way of elevated teaching could possibly have been laid open to them. In these dramatic spectacles they were receiving additions to their experience, at a time when travel and change brought fruits of knowledge in no speedy manner as they do at present; they were receiving new stimulants to their natural poetry, new readings of nature's book, new thoughts on lofty themes, while fitly to meet the glowing influx, their souls were made receptive by a natural excitement, and kept open to impressions by the special interest inherent to the form of representation set before them. Such scene as this, contemplated with eyes fresh from the so-called drama of the present day, may probably appear painted with too ideal colours; for ourselves, however, we see no reason to doubt Mr. Ruskin's assertion that the ancient dramatists worked with deliberate didactic purpose, nor that this purpose was efficiently recognised and appreciated by the crowds on the benches.

The varied play of human life, the ever-continued struggle of man with man, and of man with destiny; the mutual interlacing of circumstance with circumstance, the various entanglements and liberations of mortal wrestlers, the course of the masters who seem to lord it over fate, and of the puppets who succumb and are moulded thereby;—all these labours and joys and trials of his kind will never cease to present a picture of vivid interest for man to gaze upon. Even a dog is subject to moods according as its feelings; tell it it has done wrong or right, is in favour or disfavour: and of all living creatures man delights the most to look upon the springs of action of his brethren, to see himself in his similars, or to measure his own action by theirs. The love of the looking-glass is by no means confined to woman. The manner in which this mirror-picture is presented, will vary with the character and possibilities of a nation. With the Greek it took scarce other form than the drama; and we cannot conceive of his having a higher vehicle for the conveyance of what he desired, or a more artistic and harmonical adaptation to his wants than the drama constituted itself.



To come to our own day, the disposition of our lives and circumstances and the lives which bound our habits, are widely and intensely different from the Hellenic systems. A grand expanse of pure ærial blue formed the sole roof of the Greek theatre, and the national temper was like unto it—limpid, equable, serene. Opened wide to the influences of air and sunlight, their disposition was the counterpart of the heaven that swam elately above them; like it, calm and receptive, loving of light and colour. The Greek was too simple and sensuous to be afflicted with the modern maladies of boredom and *ennui*; he could endure to sit out three long dramas represented in succession, set forth, too, with such mechanical accessories of dress and scenery as stage-managers of to-day would laugh to scorn. How he could bear the mental tension is a separate matter. We know that for the entire spring day, from sunny morn until the torches were brought in to illuminate a bevy of runners who were to conclude the festival by a race, the citizen would sit in patient admiration of a spectacle which, in spite of occasional violence of critical outburst, he came simply to behold and enjoy and remember. The picture is a grand and a worthy one. Now the music rises solemnly into the tranquil air; now the chorus, with mystic gesture, is passionately apostrophising the gods, or making appeal with lamentation to an imagined ideal of public opinion or of right; now the actors, clad in flowing robes, are simulating the struggles of men and the actions of heroes. The *ensemble* is complete and artistic, entirely suitable and satisfactory to the national feelings which gave it birth, and the national life to which it appertained.

The two elements which give life to the representation, stated broadly, are plot, which is a counterfeit of the action, the never ending struggle in the life of man; and music, which is a type of the benign influences of nature, meditative or mysterious. A sense of the musical harmony of the universe formed an element of the Greek religion, which the drama, brought forward as it was in a religious spirit, tended to foster. The Greeks were very much more religious than we are—their religion was part of their everyday lives; but then it was simple, sweet, and easy. There results from the witnessing of dramas of a high kind, an education of a high kind. To the spectator in Greece would result a consolidation of thought, a corroboration of experience, a cultivation of taste. An elevation of soul, too, would be produced by the noble sentiments passionately uttered; and for susceptibility, the Greek was the denizen of a golden age as compared with our clamorous critical days. The mystical sadness of the world also was represented and felt in the melancholy upbraidings of fate, and the weird, solemn poetry wailed forth by the chorus. The fact, too, that the festal day's celebration formed part of the ritual owing to the presiding deity, doubtless enhanced the

effect of the proceedings. This was the ancient drama, and it belongs to an age wholly different from our own, separated by a vast chasm of spirit and circumstance, which we can never bridge over.

Before we pass to consider what we ourselves enjoy in the place of these national emblems, now so completely passed away, let us examine more closely what art means to convey in what we have designated as plot and music. When we are personally engaged in the drama of actual life, we bear a certain intimate relation to those who take parts connected with ours, and share with us our narrow section of the grand living stage. Each of our fellow actors bears his history with him, more or less, in our minds, and we can never be wholly without interest in those portions of the great play that may chance to come closely before us. When we are not mere spectators, but participators, events may drag on with tedious tardiness, and circumstances may have to be gone through that an uninterested passer-by would treat as unimportant. To us, however, they may appear of real moment, for we are in possession of a link between these circumstances and others. Events upon which important results may depend are perhaps inextricably entangled with these minor occurrences, and so render exciting what might otherwise appear trivial. Seen from this interested and special point of view, every incident is the nurse and nursling of other incidents. This train of entanglements and relationships in life becomes plot in the drama; but how it can be reproduced is the question. It is evident that in the ideal drama which we are contemplating, we start by looking on events not from a special and interested view-point, but from a general and distant position.

We are, to begin with, the uninterested passer-by, to whom many minor incidents must appear trivial or tedious, or remain unnoted. If art did not step in with some remedy, but the drama were to be a mere slice of human affairs taken at random, we might fall upon events of interest sufficient to occupy our attention, or we might not. Our representation might be as tame and monotonous as the bare contemplation of the slow sequence for a day of our neighbours' most prosaically ordinary affairs, when such are unconnected with our own special current of existence. To reproduce this effect of vital interest, and so adequately to counterfeit life, art must manipulate circumstances. They must not be presented in mere slow succession as they would appear to the outside observer. Art must select and group its details. It must quicken the march of time, heighten effects, and give extra colour to the pictures it has chosen. The drama is by no means a mere photograph of a series of events. In life, incidents are interlinked by unseen cords, and grouped by unseen sympathies: to counterfeit life adequately, therefore, art must find something to stand in place of these. It must form special and



visible groupings, and it must combine every element in these by visible sympathies and relationships.

In the Greek drama, the march of time was practically quickened by the fact that such occurrences only were chosen for representation as, under the spur of some prospective catastrophe, might be speedily transacted—so speedily, indeed, as to allow the compression into the span of a single day of the events forming an entire drama. The effect of this within its limits was perfectly satisfactory, but the existence of such limitation reduced their eligible dramas to the representation of but a narrow section of the actual action of life. Their own critic confesses that 'as regards the essence of the matter, the greater the extent, provided also it be perspicuous, the more beautiful it is.' Scenes capable of representation were confined to sequences of rapid and startling catastrophes; but this concentration of agonisms excited the imagination of the spectator into an earnestness of attention that more than reproduced the interest wont to be felt in the struggle of actual life. As regards the addition of colour and glow, so as to make the puppets of the drama of equal importance with the characters who are made vivid to our minds by a special personal relation between ourselves and them, this was for the most part effected by elevating them to the very height of human possibility, or even beyond this, by making them Titanic. The hero was a great warrior dilating in the fray, or a glorious and powerful monarch, or a suffering demi-god; and his control over circumstances was grander and larger, or the weight and bitterness of his destiny was more oppressive, than we are wont to witness in the course of average existence.

Plot, as we have said, stands in place of the struggle or action of the life of man; and music represents the gentler influences, the ambient breath of nature, the contemplation of remote action, becoming absorbed and verging on reverie, and, generally, the meditative and poetical aspect of life. If a balmy air's *susurrus* might ever be blowing about them, many men would be well content to abandon the hard actualities and energy-demanding struggles of life for musings in dreamland. So the drama becomes sometimes lyrical in excess, and the plot is almost merged in the musical dream of it; and the harsh edge of human passion's more terrible throes is softened and idealised. This dramatic condition may act just as subtly upon the spectator's apprehensiveness, and intensify it to excited attention just as efficaciously, as the most violent struggles of plot.

In place of the grand dramatic spectacle to which an Athenian citizen made his way as a matter of course, and as a duty of religion, what are we ourselves possessed of? We have entirely complicated and changed the ancient simple religious aspects, and we have, in place of the ancient

drama, the modern novel. If that does not or will not correspond to it, we have nothing else that may.

Shakespeare paved the way for an enlargement of the basis of the drama, by breaking through the sanctity of the old laws, and permitting its action to extend over a longer space of time than a single day. We might almost say that he made the novel possible. By degrees, greater intervals of time have been suffered to creep in between act and act, until the drama has been so stretched and widened, strained and loosened, losing certain elements and gaining others, that it has become the romance. The romance is not the drama, or the drama the romance; but one is the child of the other. 'The romance,' says Victor Hugo, 'is the drama when the painting of the past descends to the details of science, and the painting of life descends to the *finesses* of analysis.' We should rather say that the romance is the drama with the spectator admitted behind the scenes. We get side-views which open to us the minute incidents, as well as front-views wherein the curtain is raised from momentous ones. The acts are not broken up by the ancient dramatic necessities, but in this spacious and familiar chamber drama of ours the piece runs continuously, and often embraces a long span of eventful time.

However much we might wish it, we could not revive the Greek system. Our murky sky would make but a dismal roof for a theatre; its fickleness would be offensive to the dignity of the ancient drama. And as for roofed buildings, how should we find one with capacity of comfortable accommodation for thirty thousand spectators? And even if such were found, how, with the noisy stream of commercial traffic constantly rolling by, and the various irrepressible murmurs of markets and manufactures and metropolitan railways always in our ears, would the words of the tragic actor be rendered audible to so large a throng? Managers of to-day would probably have but small faith in huge, bell-shaped, acoustic bronzes cumbering as of old the scanty spaces of the stage. And our preoccupations, our hurry, our want of patience! It is plain that there can be no more dramatic representations of so comprehensive a character as in the past day, when the population of a whole city sat, tier above tier, in sweeping circles cut in a hill-side slope. The ancient playgoing habitudes are impossible in our densely-populated modern cities; they can no more bear the impress of universal acceptance—can no more be national. The drama can never more be a national institution on the same extended and complete scale as of old.

It is certainly true that we moderns live more rapidly and less artistically than the men of old. They sat on Olympus, while we share the struggles of Hercules. We are not endowed with that healthy simplicity of enjoyment, that tranquillity of nerve, or that divine patience, which



would sustain us whilst witnessing the representation of a series of heroic dramas during an entire day. Our heroics, too, have undergone change. Rarely violent in action, and connected with psychical more often than with physical warfare, they may be said to have gone inwards. Certainly they fail to possess that outward show, or splendid distinctness, the glory of which was so beautifully made manifest in the ancient drama. The want of the means of manifesting the individual heroism of to-day in any pictorial form is felt by the poet as well as the painter. War has lost its heroic charm, and is grown scientific; and prize-fighting is far from poetical. In the wild West of America there is to be found a little of the Homeric vigour and romance; for ourselves, we have the sister of mercy and the railway contractor representing the opposite poles of our life, but they do not make effective dramatic figures. We are stamped clearly, even in our garments, with the seal of commerce and of prose. The age is a mighty one, with grand characteristics; but its ornaments are bars of iron, and not bezants of gold.

Our life having become artificial and absorbed, we require our dramatic representations of such a sort as to be at any time available—always at hand without the trouble of going to seek them. Anything presenting itself otherwise can never again take universal hold upon a people. To meet these conditions, the modern novel has blindly offered itself.

In respect of its similitude to life, the novel is superior to its prototype, the drama. It is much more comprehensive, and with a wider scope, embracing a greater variety of character and circumstance, can form a more complete and life-like picture of the world. It is prone to light touches and delicacy of shading, but has less to offer of mighty breadth and conflict of light and darkness than the heroic drama, to which, in respect of high art, it is for the most part inferior. As, by the setting forth of a greater number of incidents so tangled and knit together that they attract our interest perforce, we are brought into clearer and more intimate relations with the persons of romance, and, as the personal intricacies of life can be counterfeited more simply than was possible in the drama—tied down to its unities, and bound by rigid law—so, inversely, the characters in the novel do not require so much of heightening and idealisation as did the *personæ* of the drama. The ancient dramatic heroes are not of our ordinary world, but are either compounded of its most violent essences or live above it. They are Titans upon whom we gaze with awe; the *personæ* of the novel, on the other hand, appeal to us in the guise of friends with whom we almost expect to shake hands. It requires, consequently, much less of the highest artistic power to attain excellence as a novelist than as a dramatist; nevertheless to-day, on the stage of popular favour, the

novelist is assuredly protagonist, and the dramatist proper is relegated to a dignified section of the background.

The remarks we have made upon plot in the drama apply with equal force to the same element in the novel. We can see plainly what it is that ultra-sensationalism has endeavoured to effect: it has striven to out-do life, not by elevating it, but by crowding it. Our selfish interest in circumstances that affect us will render exciting to us even trivial or unworthy matters. One sensational novelist crowds together his incidents so thickly, and piles up his agonies so superabundantly, that we have no time to think or to ask whether the incidents are worthy of our consideration or the agonies noble ones. The struggles within life's arena are of necessity absorbing to those engaged in them; hence, if a struggle containing double life's usual vehemence and intensity be brought to our view, even though it be outside of life, and the characters are unworthy of our sympathies, we are yet compelled to identify ourselves with them, and cannot resist their attraction. But such a spell as this will lose its hold upon us after a time. So often as in a novel we find in full development that element which we have designated under the symbol of music, we find proportionally that the sensational element is less violently manifested. It is not so necessary. The excitement of continual struggle, by which it was designed to give the characters the appearance and attractiveness of vitality, is replaced by an element which is gentler and more melodious, one whose action is more secret, but none the less sure and efficacious, in constraining our sympathies and attention, more subtle and more abiding. In the old drama this element came out in the poetic cast and rhythm, as well as in an actual musical accompaniment.

The strictly poetic faculty is now debarred from one high place of its pristine manifestation. Poetic dramas will be composed, and doubtless attract a certain class of readers, but their sphere is a comparatively limited one; and they cannot be said to command the position they enjoyed of old, when they were welcomed freely on the national stage, and brought conspicuously before a national assemblage. Poetic romances following the lead of the novel have been attempted, but they occupy but a side-walk, and neither for power or for number can vie with the modern substitute for the drama as it is given to us in prose. The novel has cut the ground from under the feet of the drama, and with the rise of the new and vigorous candidate for popular suffrage, the ancient favourite is on the decline and has lost his place. The modern popular drama is no drama at all, but simply a variation of the modern realistic novel of the lowest type. A high-class modern drama is a rarity; the ancient virtue has flown.

It is noteworthy that while in English novelistic literature the mis-



sing interest inherent to real life is, for the most part, attempted to be supplied by an intense series of plots and counter-plots, the ancient manner of arresting attention by the elevation of the characters represented to an ideal level above humanity having with us fallen into disuse; the French, on the other hand, frequently adhere to this time-honoured mode of heightening dramatic interest. Eugène Sue, for instance, selects an impossible character—a species of Titan, we might say—as the hero of one of his best known romances. The ‘Wandering Jew,’ who has survived so many centuries, and has both pain and power beyond the fate of mortality, may be taken as analogue of the demi-god who strove against Jupiter, or the baffled hero who was more than man in patience and long-suffering. Dumas, on his lower level, attempts to realise the same effect by putting his heroes in possession of a secret Aladdin’s lamp, by means of which they command unlimited wealth and power, and are enabled to struggle with circumstances in a far more masterful manner, and from a far more luxurious altitude than is generally possible to adventurers in a suspicious and hard-working world. Victor Hugo’s bent in a similar direction is evinced by his manner of involving his heroes in some marvellously impossible dilemma, in a desperate and long-continued struggle against blind destiny or stern natural law, or against a vast dead weight of persistent oppression from the world or society. In this manner, from the magnitude or awfulness of their opponents, there is reflected upon his heroes themselves a stream of magical light, under which they, too, appear as Titans, transformed and elevated, idealised and transfigured.

In the comparison just made, we have been referring to that section of English romance which seeks its strength in plot. That section whose characteristics we concentrate under the symbol, music, presents us generally with pictures of average life over which is thrown an idealising silver atmosphere of sweet idyllic happiness—a sort of glamour or halo, wherein we find the domestic delights of home and tender affection, the wooings and the weddings, the difficulties and the successes of ordinary life refined and heightened, and so set forth in choicest and most *récherché* manifestation. As a parallel to the idyllic element in the English novel, the French would afford us a wilder and more alluring ‘music’—a lyric in the place of our novelists’ gentler poem; the love they depict for us is more vehement and less domestic, and they develop a more passionate, if not so real, effusiveness in the contemplation of grandeur of scenery or sentiment.

Up to the present time, the novel has been educating its readers; it is to be hoped in the future that they will turn round and educate the novel—that is, will raise its standard by capable appreciation and criticism, and by sweeping aside whatever is slovenly, inartistic, or unreal

in it. The field open to the novel is a great one, if only the frivolous and worthless work can be unsparingly weeded out, and the good work fostered by popular discrimination. The field is a great one because it is so comprehensive. The novel is the most accommodating medium possible for reproducing impressions of any kind whatever. It affords a wider scope for the manifestation of varied experiences than any form of composition previously existing ; it embodies the high and low characteristics of a kaleidoscopic era. We must look upon it as being as absolutely the representative of our time as the heroic drama represented a particular Greek period. It seems to have settled itself as a necessity of the age, and is doubtless photographing many items of our lives which will afford a picture of our time, clearer than we can now see it, to after generations.

As a literary development, it is but a nurseling yet—an infant of a few score years old ; but it has the limbs and proportions of a young giant. The drama represented fitly the ideal and heroic life of the Greek ; the novel represents equally well, with minuter touches of the pencil, our own life, with its ideals and heroisms, less vividly splendid though these may be than those of old. It embodies, too, the special attributes of our age—its many-sidedness and complexity. Politics, poetry, philosophy ; religion, philanthropy, social science ; satire, science, or sentimentalism ; murders, marriages, and morals ;—nothing comes amiss to this omnivorous animal—too broad-footed for a Pegasus—that the present century has seen grow to so amazing a size. The ancient high drama would contemptuously dub the modern novel chaos ; the novel would retort that the other did not contain elements enough to produce even chaos. The one is artistic, the other comprehensive ; the one a selection, the other a medley. The breadth and variety of our modern life are better represented by what is comprehensive and universal, even though it should be complex and chaotic, than by what is eclectic and discrete, however perfect it may be with regard to art.

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# ARABS AND TRAINING SHIPS.

BY R. BATSON.

## I.

ABOUT two years ago, at a meeting of the boys of Her Majesty's training-ship 'Cumberland' and the Glasgow foundry boys, Captain Alston, the commander, lamented that the class of true old British sailors is fast dying out ; that our navy is to a most humiliating and alarming extent manned by foreigners ; that the captain of the 'Spindrift' had stated in open court that he would rather have blacks than British tars ; that the premiums on insurance were rising ; that wrecks are becoming more and more frequent and more disastrous ; that we are fast losing our prestige as the finest seamen in the world ; but that training-ships promised to redeem at once street Arabs and British crews. Now, how far has this forecast been verified, so far as the experiment has been tried ? But then, as a matter of fact, the metamorphosis of destitute urchins into rich materials of imperial seamanship has been essayed at present only on the very slightest scale. We are far too disposed to play with the question. For example, last April the Admiralty issued a ukase to the effect that 3,500 boys would be required annually for the navy. The boys were to be able to read and write fairly, to have the written consent of their parents or guardians, and to sign an engagement to serve for ten years from the date of attaining the age of eighteen. At eighteen, by good conduct and attention to their duties, they would be rated ordinary seamen, and able seamen as soon as found qualified. This suggests rather rose water than 'a sniff of the briny' :—

Brave fleet

With silken streamers, the young Phœbus fanning  
Play with your fancies ; and in them behold  
Upon the hempen tackle ship boys climbing  
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give  
To sounds confused ; behold the shreading sail  
Born with the invisible and creeping wind  
Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrowed sea  
Breasting the lofty surge.

Now I wish that the Admiralty would cease to play with our fancies, that it would 'order give to sounds confused,' that it would not draw the 'huge bottoms' of our 'Captains' and 'Megæras' down into 'the furrowed sea,' that it would try and grasp the iron necessities of the critical present—see if it cannot atone for the chaotic past. In 1856—an ominous year just now—the supplies voted for the naval estimates were 76,000 men, including 16,000 mariners, and not 3,500 but 10,000 classed as boys. Our training-ships are the polished attenuation of a substantial idea. There is a perfect wealth of complacent mischief in the heroic delusion which, with the smell of sulphur in the air of our civilised continent, and an extraordinary lack of men to benefit by our precious streak of silver sea, with the germs of revolutionary mania flourishing, and the physical deterioration of great cities proverbial, nevertheless points to boys that can read and write, with parents and guardians that can give 'written' consent as Arabian brands snatched from the fire. It is all very well to 'rescue' lads who, to be rescued at all, must present written certificates of the fact that respectability is certain and rescue impossible. It is a charming agony of triumphant moral effort to illustrate Shakespeare's beautiful picture of the 'ship boys climbing' to invite a bevy of ladies, and challenge a chorus of admiration. But nothing of the real Arab, broadly speaking, excepting his picturesque name, is on board at all. There is no saying what he would do with his knife, or how quickly he would dispose of his bible. On the other hand the boys that are wanted in the navy are not the boys that can read, but the boys who can dodge the police; not the good boys armed with credentials and wreathed with smiles, but 'the scampering scapegraces who give the constable the slip; not the boys with educated parents and erudite guardians, but the tatterdemalions without a crust, without a sty, without a change of rags, without a dream of home, without father, mother, uncle, or aunt, but such as steal their little earnings and kick them out of doors. A boy who can fight London without flinching, who comes up smiling without visible means of sustenance, is worth his salt. A salt let him be. After the passing of the Habitual Criminals Bill the police unearthed known or ascertainable thieves, receivers, and suspected persons in the City of London to the tune of just 4,336. Among the very many individuals who necessarily escaped the hunt were a host of 'street Arabs,' boy robbers, and juvenile outlaws generally. The Commissioners pathetically complained that these being young and active, in crowded neighbourhoods are very difficult either to know or to catch. Precisely so, and that is one reason why when known and caught they are worth using. Whatever may be the value to our army of habitual criminals—i.e., of demoralised troops—that of forces as remote as possible from the condition of time-nurtured,



ingrained depravity, of animal spirits hot and rampant, but not hopelessly dedicated to an infamous career is unquestionable. The loose little fish, on the other hand, take so swimmingly not merely to salt water, but also to holy water when offered them by their friends, that we begin to suspect the little fish are not so very loose, after all.

One consideration here obtrudes. The Arab movement, as I shall notice at fuller length further on, began with Lord Shaftesbury in 1843. The 'training ship' started into existence in 1864. The ships altogether have accommodation for 3000 boys. Nevertheless, when vessels are put in commission, there is a loud complaint as to the difficulty of obtaining hands. Most of the boys, after having undergone the usual training, and after having been drafted into the regular naval service, leave it as soon as their time expires. Now for the alleged reasons of their non-renewal of service. We hear of questions of wages or of rations. We hear of outeries against official pedantry. We hear of the 'Captains' and the 'Megæras' operating as scarecrows, as wandering coffins whereon no one yearns to enter. After making due allowance for these causes, we still find ourselves face to face with a tremendous puzzle. Why, here we have a host of boys, who have been plucked out of the jaws of death ; at least we say so. The *bonâ fide* Arab has for dinner a stare at a butcher's shop, for bed-clothes a dream of a blanket. He bends his pinched body double with hunger. His teeth, the very gossips of misery, chatter with cold. His views of life are simple. Some day he will go into the workhouse. To-morrow he may be in prison. To-day he is loafing in rags, with his summersaults and his fusees, amidst a crowd of comfortable people ; amidst piles of crisp bank-notes and boxes of ringing cash ; amidst respectable citizens, well fed, well clothed, well housed, and caring as much about him as about the moons of Jupiter. Suddenly he is 'rescued.' He is 'in the swim !' He is on board a training ship. He is provided for. He passes through his course with the greatest credit. And yet he won't stay ! What ! not renew his terms of service, his conditions of existence ! What ! the starveling refuse to be fed, the tatterdemalion to be clothed, the vagrant to be housed, the pauper to be waged ! Is this human nature ? No ; the honest fact is that the genuine Arab is not on deck at all. He is sleeping in the gutter. He is rigged only in the eclipse, in obscurity, in rags and in squalor. Won't he eat his bread, pocket his money, and thank his stars, if he gets the chance ? Only try him. Your toy Arab with his credentials, your prize Arab with his character, with his proud parents, considerate guardians, and flowing caligraphy, with his badges and criteria of cozy citizenship, answers the purpose of the picturesque. He can easily be made ornamental, miraculous ; and can perfectly astonish the conscience by being 'rescued.' But, as he has had nothing to be rescued from, he has no particular

inducement to stay. And then we wonder that the navy is unmanned. In these remarks, I refer only to the testimonial system. That some *bond fide* Arabs are saved, I do not pretend to deny. Of these I do not now speak. But such as they are, they are indeed few. I for one will never cease to raise my voice against the folly of well-meaning bodies like the Marine Society putting a gloss over the size of the problem with which they are dealing. Society is eaten through and through with destitution, ignorance, and crime. Modern London is ancient Rome over again, *plus* the scream of railways and the concentration of wealth. We have plate, mirrors, lace, private opulence, aldermanic proportions indoors; outdoors all that is tattered, stunted, pale, thin, impoverished, unenviable, criminal, mischievous—under the size and standard of the humane. I for one, so long as I have pen to write and tongue to speak, feel bound to continue to enter my protest, in season and out of season, against the spurious retrospects of philanthropy, and the extraordinary blindness of the oracles of some of our training ships—training ships which, in their fundamental conception, are all that is comprehensive, chivalrous, and sensible. Take the 'Warspite.' At the meeting of the Governors of the Marine Society, last winter, held at the Society's offices, certain statements were made, which have been since repeated, and which certainly have a strong tendency to mislead the public, despite the sincerity of those who with natural pride issue them. The Rear-Admiral E. S. Sotheby, C.B., in his capacity of chairman, declared that 'The institution, in the centenary of its corporation, could point to nearly 57,000 boys, some rescued from the streets, some taken from the poor homes of the labouring class, and all trained for manly and useful employment at sea.' Be it so. But of the 57,000 boys, only a small portion can be classed as genuine Arabs, while, even supposing that they all came under that prospectively mischievous category, to rescue 57,000 raw lads from the thorns of the hedges, the romance of the highways, and the doorstep pillows of the streets, in 115 years—for the Marine Society was founded in 1756—though a most commendable exploit in historic annals, is, after all, but a meagre contribution towards social needs, and a most inadequate solvent of a national puzzle. Remember that it was long ago computed by compilers of accurate statistics that 20,000 boys in London alone directly belonged to the criminal class, and that each young star in the firmament of brilliant enterprise was belted with a ring of about five satellites, who admire even where they cannot emulate precocious ruffianism.

Indeed, the number of Arabs in London now is very much over 100,000—I mean of Arabs who call themselves 'Captain Claude,' or 'Lieutenant Dick Turpin,' till Newgate closes their short career, who read more than a thousand and one tales of spiced boy heroics, and



daring Arabian nights, or who, not themselves being able to study the enthralling episodes of canonized highwaymen, cluster round those who can. Let us, however, restrict our present estimate of the London Arabs to 100,000. What is the only rational deduction? Why, on the Marine Society's own showing, there are very nearly twice as many waste Arabs for the prudence of the self-preserving community to reclaim in London in one year, as under the manipulation of the respectable classes, have morally fructified all over the country in 115 years! What then has the Marine Society done? Society is carrying in its constitution the seeds of its not mere dissolution, but dislocation. The Commune of Paris was but a single sign of the myriad sleeping sparks of revolutionary fire, which this age of millionaires and paupers is built over, of the volcanoes by which slovenly heedless social Europe may expect to be crushed in the ordinary course of human ignorance and destitution, unwatched by human power and wisdom.

It may of course be urged in the teeth of the antithesis, which sets the molehill which the Marine Society has achieved against the mountain which it boasts, that there is not a fresh batch of peripatetic, disorderly, and useless Arabs for us to bring to anchor, pigeon hole, and account every year. But it cannot be denied that there is a fresh, if not a larger bundle of Arabian brands to be snatched from the fire at least every decade. Again, it may be urged that the population has advanced with such rapid strides, that to talk of the danger of the young Arab population in 1756, and that of 1871, in the same breath, is eminently unreasonable. To this the obvious reply is furnished by the statistics of the Marine Society themselves. The governors, from the date of the establishment of this beneficent institution in 1756, to the close of the war in 1763, had fitted out 5,174 boys for the Royal Navy and the Merchant service. The institution was 'beneficent' even then, but the above statistics relate only to young sailors trained for an express undivided war purpose, not to the brigades of young shoemakers, tailors, and promiscuous craftsmen generally, whom it is now the excellent custom to apprentice on board our training ships. Where a century ago or anything like it, were all the Arabs corresponding to this last and most significant category? Where were the wild 'olive branches' that are now being transplanted from hot-beds of crime into nurseries of toil?

The Arab movement, so-called, only began, let it be repeated ever so often, in 1843, and it is only since 1864 that our training ships have been floating juvenile mechanics' institutes. Certes it is not long that the Marine Society has been an industrial safety-valve from marine stores. It is only as it were yesterday in our history that it was guessed better to educate young starvelings in the art of producing goods rather

than of stealing them. The Earl of Shaftesbury, the gallant captain of the red-coated brigade of youthful shoe-blacks, and the chivalrous Rob-Roy, a gallant Arab himself, typical knight-errant of neglected boyhood, tanned with travel, and paddler of all sinking canoes, have worked and are working hard in their generation (all praise and all encouragement to them) but not harder than Fagin, the immortal child-corrupter of all generations. With a detailed machinery, and an expansive method, we save but a handful of deserters out of the huge awkward squad of Arabs now existing. Without that detailed machinery and that expansive method, if at any time within the last 120 years, there have been fewer Arabs to save than now; on the other hand, at any time previous to the last thirty years, still more inadequate even than present adaptation to present needs were the instruments of their salvation.

It is of supreme importance that the public should keep all such facts as these in mind. Thus the motives of the Marine Society are deserving of all praise, but their achievements are not yet equal to their aspirations. The science of preventing, as opposed to that of curing crime, is at present in its unblushing infancy. As such it should be encouraged rather than criticised too severely. None the less must we regret the fact that at present, at all events, the training ships in use are insignificance itself compared with the training ships in requisition.

The camel has been called the ship of the desert, so the training ship is the camel leading out of that great moral desert of Sahara, the East End of London, and the more Arabs throng its back the better. A young man of twenty-eight may well think that his own appearance in this planet exactly synchronised with that of common sense.

This reclaiming of the moral desert of Sahara, of our raw material, of rampant susceptible boyhood, of the wild young devotee to the police news, the knuckle duster, and the skeleton key, of the Arab born amidst blows and curses for his catechism, thieves for his tutors, murderers for his exemplars, starvelings for his friends, commenced it might be thought at the close of the dark ages. Not so, however. The obviously beneficial movement began only in 1843. A young man of 1843 might well think that his appearance in this planet precisely synchronised with that of common sense. Göethe declared that no man changed a conviction after forty. Yet young ladies, and those who according to Sydney Smith, form the third sex—innocent clergymen—often try, with a bland smile and a soft word, to convert adults stereotyped in crime; or at least in wrong doing. Their amiable theory is that a man whose mind has been saturated in the hot excitement of a life of dark deeds, has only to be whispered to by a comfortable gentleman in a white tie, only to be instructed by a kind girl, only to be plunged into an icy shower bath of



holy water, to relish the situation, and radically reform for life. A staff of sincere Ned Wrights might do something, but not much for adult criminals. For children of ten, twelve, and under, clergymen, women, any good people with zeal and sense, might do everything. The nature of human influence is inscrutable, but certain. The limits are as certain. What is not certain is its methods. If all the well meant things that had been said by good women and high-minded clergymen to men, had been addressed in altered phraseology to babes and sucklings, their tender bosoms and plastic receptive organs, would have been so affected, as to have left the world incomparably, I will not say better, but I will use a word which the whole race respects, incomparably happier than now. At this I hear the word Utopia rush to the British lip; but many great facts were Utopias once. The printing press, steam engine, and electric telegraph, are Utopias realised. The wholesale amelioration of infantile outcasts, is an Utopia that cries to be realised. The training ship stifles the revolutionist, develops the sailor, makes the man. Arabs ought to be trained *for* training ships. We do not want a herd of very black sheep on board a training ship. The very black ones had better be isolated. But we certainly do not want a flock of white sheep that needs no shepherd's crook, of good boys that require no repentance, huddled on board ship, in the name of the redemption of mankind! The worst of all had better be toned into decency, and if they are the youngest of all, the preaching lady and the preaching parson would be of inestimable social utility, in so forwarding the honourable task. It is not the tiny lad who touches his cap at the Sunday school, but who asks his teacher to go with him to the penny gaff, who propounds an original exegesis of scripture by the aid of scraps of song, anything but reverent and pure, that needs most to be called to the right path, and who under the circumstances, to speak honestly, is likely to have most in him. There are many good people who give money, and would give time if they knew how, to good works. Ships are multiplying, and so are Arabs; hunt out, not in the high ways and edges but in the moral desert, the wee tatterdemalion. Then let our clerical and feminine enthusiasts look up his antecedents, and remedy them. They expend the same moral energy in comparatively, if not absolutely, useless ways. Had the good people looked mostly after those bad people who are plastic because they are young, instead of casting words of silk at heads and hearts of stone, this planet would form a far pleasanter corner in infinite space. As it is, a child of ten swills his Lilliputian calf with cold water, gloats over the highly-coloured advertisements which lend the show of heroism to violence, ambition to boyhood, and romance to crime, and weds darkness to the threat of murder.

Result, a walk to Bow Street, and an apprenticeship to eloquent

abandoned adult ruffians in prison. Happy then the giant who has his quiver full of—Arabs. Shakespeare, or at least, one of his creatures, Juliet, has been stultified. There is something in a name. The training ship 'Goliath' exhibited one tender-yearred male, so far emulating gigantic stature as to grow two inches in seven months, and another two and a half inches in eight months. So with other young frames which have been taught the arithmetical progression of crescent stature, instructed how to shoot upwards. Dr. Liddle, medical officer of Whitechapel, is to be congratulated on this startling revelation. The age is one of shows. Among the purring cat shows and smiling barmaid shows, a growing Arab show might hold up its head; at least, as well grow a big Arab as a big gooseberry. The boys come from the courts and 'crushes' of Whitechapel, from knots of crowding, hustling thieves, direct, indeed, from Forest Gate Industrial School, but in the first instance from foetid Whitechapel courts where ventilation is unknown, and from 'rookeries' where the Arabs are crammed, crowded, and choked. Nevertheless, on the 'Goliath' they grow morally as well as physically; turn over a new leaf or two as well as turn up a new inch or two, and instead of the down-cast, sullen look, acquire brightness and self-respect. The world is caressing instead of ignoring them; they begin to be as important as ladies' lap-dogs, which is naturally inspiring. We do not hear of the 400 boys all growing at the rate of four or five inches a year; but they grow apace by the operation of a paradox, reversing the time-honoured maxim, just in proportion as they cease to be ill-weeds, though they fall short of the electric nocturnal growth of Jonah's gourd. The sick list is one per cent.—the fruit of regular industry, personal cleanliness, good food, sheltered sleep, and wholesome air. It is, accordingly, worth noting as a curious point in natural history, that the Arab and the giraffe grow for precisely opposite reasons: according to Professor Darwin, the long neck of the tall quadruped was the outcome of his anxiety to reach his food—the leaves of trees; the Arab, on the contrary, begins neither to grow nor to turn over a new leaf till his anxiety to reach his food ceases. Again, his growth perceptibly differs from that of the commanding figures of a great many ladies in this progressive age, which are due, not so much to the stately dignity of feminine stature, as to the mountainous heels of feminine boots. The chests of the boys expand, too, without padding, and with them the public heart. Everybody is glad to hear of the waste Arab being fertilised—reclaimed by inches. We cannot force the adult; anybody may mould and heighten nobody's child.

[To be continued.]

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## FOTHERINGHAY.

BY J. JEANS.

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FEW among the retired nooks of England are better worth a visit than this ancient Northamptonshire village, and yet few of as much former celebrity are now so little known. It lies very near the Northampton and Peterborough Railway, but has no station of its own, and in such cases a railway is rather a drawback than otherwise. Few travellers ever notice the beautiful tower, which, however, can be well seen from the line. No high road runs through it now; Oundle has supplanted it as the town of the district; and in consequence Fotheringhay, in spite of its associations, but seldom attracts the tourist. There is not even an inn in the place, which, however gratifying to the clergyman, is scarcely equally so to a thirsty pedestrian. True, one can have excellent bread and cheese at the baker's, subject only to the trifling inconvenience—as beer is ‘not to be drunk on the premises’—of running out into the street to drink.

Yet the place is accessible enough, especially from Peterborough: and anyone who has exhausted the solitary lion of that somewhat prosaic city—its superb cathedral—may easily take the half-hour trip to Elton station. Nowhere does Peterborough show to such advantage as from the North-Western railway. The city, stretching away from the river bank, the wooden bridge, inconvenient enough to be a copy of Putney, the forest of railway signals, the tower of St. Mary's, and behind all, the peerless western front of the cathedral, crowned with its many spires and pinnacles, give only too flattering an idea of the place. Soon the undulating hills shut it from sight. Then we pass Castor, known to archæologists from its church of St. Kyneburga, with a fine Norman (or Romanesque) central tower. Castor station is upon the Roman Ermine Street, which preserves the Latinised form of a name made famous by the saviour of Germany from the Roman yoke, Arminius or Hermann. Here the Nen winds perpetually across the line, much as the Seine does across the Dieppe railway before we enter Paris. Three miles more, and we are at Elton.

From Elton to Fotheringhay is about a mile and a half, over the usual Northamptonshire country, never flat and yet never very hilly, but suggesting the idea of petrified waves. Fotheringhay reminds one that it once has been a town, by its broad and regular streets. All the houses are of one uniform gray colour, as brick is here almost unknown. Some of the cottage gardens even have stone walls instead of hedges. In the centre of the village stands the church, which is approached through an avenue of trees with boughs knotted and interlaced like the well-known Trinity lime-walk at Oxford. It is still a noble and beautiful building, though the choir is wholly gone, which of course robs it of much of its grandeur. It is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and All Saints, and appears formerly to have been a collegiate church. The nave is wholly of the best period of Perpendicular architecture—that is, before the Perpendicular style attained the rigidity which mars it. From the roof of the aisles spring flying buttresses, which, together with the great size of the clerestory windows, add much to the lightness and elegance of the church. But the most striking part is the massive square tower; so massive, indeed, as to look somewhat disproportioned to the nave, with which its stern solidity and castle-like turrets are strongly contrasted. It is surmounted by a beautiful lantern, which can be seen at a great distance, singularly like—*parvis componere magna*—the famous one of St. Botolph's at Boston. The interior is rather striking than pleasing, as the choir arch has been filled up without an east window, and the huge bare wall, such as is seen in some college chapels, is a serious drawback to a church. But the monuments within the rails are very interesting. They are all of the Plantagenet family. One is to Edward Duke of York, who was killed at Agincourt. The second is to a much celebrated Duke of York, namely, Richard, the great leader of the Yorkist party in the Wars of the Roses, at one time Regent of England, and father of Edward IV., who was defeated and killed by Margaret at the battle of Wakefield. Another is to his wife, the Lady Cicely. All these monuments were erected by Queen Elizabeth.

At the bottom of the street is a picturesque old building, half covered with ivy, which might be thought to be part of the ancient castle itself. This, however, was the great posting inn, in days when the castle made this a place of importance. It has a huge gateway and many Tudor windows, most of them blocked up. Inside the court-yard—it is now a farm-yard—are evident traces of the great gallery which used to run round it. If this gallery were up again, the inn might have been the original of Hogarth's picture. Probably its history would not be preserved, but doubtless it was closely connected with the stirring events which at one time made Fotheringhay to be oftener in men's mouths than any other place in England.



Close to this old inn are the scanty remains of the celebrated castle. They consist only of the mound of the keep, traces of the moat, and a few very small fragments of the wall upon the river's edge. Mr. Froude, with his usual carelessness of detail, has wrongly described its situation. He speaks of a small village below and nearer the river; whereas in fact the fragment of wall is not six yards from the water. The Nen is not famous for its beauty in any part; but here it is overhung for some distance with trees, especially weeping willows, under which no river can be ugly. The mound on which the keep stood rises abruptly from the level. Higher up the river, on another slope, is the church, with its noble tower, and behind is the gray-coloured village, nearly hidden in trees. The castle, which was a fine Norman building, was both roomy and strong, as might be inferred from its importance. It was built in the reign of Henry I., by Simon de St. Liz or Luz, the second Earl of Northampton. In 1218 it was seized by William of Albemarle, who had been deprived of Rockingham Castle, between Stamford and Market Harboro', by Henry III. He made it the strongest castle in the midland counties, and used to compel travellers to pay him for passport. Afterwards it passed into the hands of the Plantagenets, and became one of their chief residences. It was especially favoured by Richard, the duke whose monument was mentioned above. Here, in 1450, was born Richard Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.

But the event which has given Fotheringhay its undying interest is the tragical end of the unhappy Queen of Scots. Mary Stuart forms in herself no inconsiderable battle-field of history. By some she is represented as a tigress in nature, beautiful and deadly, a compound of every vice named or nameless: by others, as a spotless and persecuted martyr, dying for the sake of her religion. Perhaps here, as in so many other cases, truth lies somewhere between the two extremes. But this is by no means the place to discuss Mary's character: we have to do with her only in connection with Fotheringhay Castle. It is a proof of Mary Stuart's energy and ability that castle after castle was deemed too weak to hold her. From Lochleven to Carlisle, Bolton, Wingfield, Tutbury, Chatsworth, Chartley, and Tixall she was moved in quick succession. At last her keeper, Sir Amyas Paulet, a harsh-natured but conscientious Puritan, refused to be responsible for her unless she were placed in a stronger fortress. Woodstock, Hertford, Northampton, and other places were named, but rejected for various reasons. At length Fotheringhay, which through the Plantagenets was now Crown property, was approved of. Mary was moved hither in September, 1586, and on October 14 began her trial before the Royal Commissioners. More than two thousand horse were at that time crowded into the town. The trial was held in the Presence Chamber, 'a fine saloon,

sixty feet long.' The Commissioners were well agreed, but a hasty despatch from Elizabeth prorogued the Commission. Ten days later they passed unanimously a verdict of guilty upon her in the Star Chamber. In November she was sentenced to death by both Houses of Parliament. Meanwhile petitions poured in from all quarters for her execution. But Elizabeth could not make up her mind to sign the warrant. That this was through indecision, not kindness, is manifest; for it is clearly proved that she endeavoured to tamper with Paulet to take his royal prisoner's life secretly. But when this failed, and when matters were on the very verge of a civil war between the two religions, Elizabeth, being strongly urged by Lord Howard of Effingham, at length signed the warrant. On Tuesday, February 7, Mary was informed by Lords Shrewsbury and Kent that she must prepare to suffer on the following morning.

Of the tragic scene which was enacted on the next day, who knows not the story? Engrossing as it was when told in the baldest language of the old chroniclers, it has last year been still further heightened in interest by the wonderful pen and fiery partizanship of Froude. The elaborately studied part of Mary, the bitter grief of her attendants, and the coarse ruffianism of the Dean of Peterborough, are there wrought into one of the finest pieces of description in the language. The scene had been too trying even for the practised headsman of the Tower. His blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely broke the skin. He struck again, this time effectively. At once a metamorphosis was witnessed, strange as was ever wrought by wand of fabled enchanter. The coif fell off, and the false plats. The laboured illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to show it to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman.' As if anything had been needed to heighten the pathos of the scene, a little lapdog, faithful unto death, was discovered concealed under her dress, and seated itself between the head and neck. 'Every particle of her dress, together with her beads, and the cloth of the block, was forthwith burnt in the hall.' Mary's body was taken to Peterborough Cathedral, where, for twenty-five years, until it was removed to Westminster Abbey, it lay in the south aisle of the choir, next to the tomb of Catherine of Arragon. Thus beside one another were buried these two queens, as like in misfortunes as they were unlike in character. Both were interred by the same sexton, that grim old Scarlett, whose famous tablet hangs above the western door of the nave of Peterborough.

And now we come to the last scene in the history of Fotheringhay. James I., who had virtually offered to sell his consent to his mother's



execution, provided his own title were recognised, at length thought it incumbent on him to profess abhorrence of the scene of her death. So by his orders Fotheringhay Castle was razed. Only too effectually, as we have shown, has the work been carried out. Still from a rudely done sketch, dated 1718, given in Knight's 'History of England,' it would seem that much more existed then than now. Time is still continuing the work, and it is a moral certainty that before long even the last vestiges will be swept away. *Ruinosa occulit herba domos.* England, as Sir John Lubbock has eloquently maintained, will not spend a farthing to save her priceless national monuments. Even now we might say, with little straining, of Fotheringhay—

Then the great hall was wholly broken down,  
And the broad woodland parcelled into farms ;  
The hedgehog underneath the plaintain bores,  
The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,  
The slow-worm creeps, and the thin weasel there  
Follows the mouse, and all is open field.

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## IN QUEST.<sup>1</sup>

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THERE is an unquestionable power in this work that makes itself felt in the very first pages. We are introduced to no mock morality or maudlin sentiment, no virtuous home, portrayed in glowing colours, receives the villain of the plot, no sickly love tale is started to run its course over fanciful obstacles that it may finally reach a desired haven of oblivion; but in the very first chapter the author presents us with his hero, a gaunt, tall man, with massive jaw and keen cut lips, with large brow and peculiarly shaped head, of awkward and unseemly gait, with neck scarred with scrofula, clothed always in rags. In fact, the last person one would picture to oneself as an ordained member of the Church of England, and yet he is one, or rather was, for, as he tells his listener, a comfortable, cynical Suffolk county squire, 'I have given up my curacy, my prospects in life, for I am a doubter. I, the priest and messenger of an infallible Church. There is no single facts in the world, beyond the fact of God and of my own consciousness, upon which I can lay my finger and say, 'This is truth.' You may tell my friends that they will find me whenever I shall have found the truth I am 'In Quest' of; not before. Truly a somewhat startling statement, and one sufficiently novel to interest even the cool, worldly man he is talking to. The life-like, soul-stirring manner with which the author describes human feeling appeals to one so directly and forcibly that we cannot help giving, as an instance, the very words in which the sometime clergyman speaks of the strange fascination that drink has for those in misery or trouble:—

"Yes," he went on, in a fierce whisper, "I can tell you that I know now what the temptation of drink is; and I could preach a sermon about it, I believe, now that I shall never preach a sermon again. Why, sir, I tell you that the most fitting apprenticeship to the ministry of the Gospel would be served by serving a previous apprenticeship to starvation in the streets of London; at least, if the '*si vis me flere*' theory be right, and the priest is to be one who can be touched with the feelings of human infirmity. What, for instance, do you know of the meaning of 'wine that maketh glad the heart of man,' you, the country squire, with wife, with children, with store of friends, with all the honour which a successful career brings with it? To you, a stimulant is almost an interruption to the current of happiness, it hurries the stream of life too impetuously onward. But think what it is to the prostitute or the beggar! You are weak and faint, and thinly clad, and the snow pelts, and dark-

<sup>1</sup> 'In Quest,' a story of modern tendencies. London: British and Colonial Publishing Company, (Limited).



ness begins to lour, and that inward craving of the stomach comes on, which is caused by insufficient and defective nourishment. Then the gloomy shadows of a misspent life, which you have pushed away from you, and kept at bay in the bright sunshine, start out upon you from every corner of the street, and meet you full beneath the glaring gaslights. They have you at their mercy now. Dead children call upon you out of their graves—you have their names upon your tongue, such sweet names too, but you dare not utter them! The dead love you killed rises and looks at you with large, wild, reproachful eyes. The dead father you have dishonoured, curses you from the tomb; his voice rising higher even than the roar of the streets. Your dead mother turns away her face—but other faces, hideous ones, turn and gibber before you, as you, too, turn away to flee—but whither? Why *Paradise* lies before you in the gin palace yonder; a Paradise of forgetfulness, or better still, of a memory which shall only call back happier days. In the circlet of a single shilling lies the crown of a king, the happiness of Nephenthe! And the drugged beggar is soon enwrapped in purple, and the harlot is amongst the angels of Heaven in her gin-begotten dreams!"

This is the strong writing of a man who has been gifted with a rare insight into the causes of human action—this is the expression of a wondrous sympathy for poor, erring humanity. Here is no carping morality, no special pleading, but an earnest, sorrowful, sad picture of the trials of our fellow-men—trials so great that one may indeed feel an inward shrinking lest such a temptation should come upon us unprepared. At first sight the general story of this work would seem to offer but a very ordinary instance of middle-class life, but on closer investigation will disclose beauties that by far outweigh any slight imperfections that may be laid to the author's charge. He has not striven to give us a number of extraordinary and exciting incidents following closely upon one another, but has contented himself with placing before us characters that any of us may meet in our every-day life, but at the same time he has led us below the surface, and has disclosed to us a seething sea of passion, has laid bare not only the hearts and minds—nay, even the very thoughts of his characters, has shown us life in all its beauty and all its hideousness, and then, taking us gently by the hand, has led us with him 'In Quest' of the truth. Under his guidance we pass along, and wonder at scenes with which we thought ourselves thoroughly familiar when seen under a new light. In the painter's studio we learn the strange mystery of Art, the power with which it sways the mind, the relief it affords from the petty worries—aye, even the great griefs of life, how it sits 'like a dumb sphinx, for ever brooding over the present and looking straight into the future with calm, unblinking, melancholy eyes. Thence we come into the inner heart of a man of position and competence, with fair wife and lovely children, and see so strange a mixture of weakness and strength, of tenderness and cynicism, of high aspiration and low moral standard, that we doubt there is anything noble about him till we find him very loveable with all, in spite of his moodiness and sarcastic tongue. While we are searching his thoughts and gauging his nature,

his gamekeeper, 'Master George,' has approached to tell of the misdoings of a poacher:—

"And so," he is saying, "I went up by they white housen under Thickley Wood, where it fared likely that John Bunnet had a taken hisself to, and I tracked him by the dag (dew) that lay upon the ground; and I dropped upon him just as he was taking up this snare. And now, sir, what be we to do with him?" and the questioner took off his hat, looked into the crown meditatively, and scratched his head, as if it were big with the fate of the delinquent Bunnet.'

The squire frowned and looked magisterial, though, if the truth must be told, he did not care twopence for all the partridges and pheasants on the estate.

"Have you ever caught John Bunnet before, setting snares?"

"Well, I don't know that he's such a bad 'un after all, as some of 'em."

'This was high praise and commendation. An East Anglican peasant never deals in anything beyond negatives. If you give him a sumptuous feast of beef and beer, he will thank you with "It didn't fare so bad, neither,"—the negative satisfaction of one who has not had much positive good to be thankful for in the world.'

"Darling father, I want to whisper to you," and the eager eyes and long golden curls of his little girl Margery are turned up towards papa's frowning face.

"Come away, Miss Margery, and don't worrit your papa," says Nurse No. 1 taking her hand.

"I am a young lady, and I *will* speak to my father," replies Golden-hair, imperiously.

'This by-play takes place unnoticed; but Golden-hair escapes the hand, and tugs at Mr. Armytage's shooting jacket till he listens; then, as he bends down his head to the flushed eager face, whispers:

"Do forgive the poor man, dear father, because you know—come very close—because you know, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them—you know—as we forgive them that trespass against us.'"

On, on our hurrying guide bids us till we stand in a well-furnished room, with table showing the ample justice that the guests have done to it, and while wondering, perhaps, how we are to find ought here, we are attracted by the words of a real Bishop, who is discoursing suavely and cheerfully to his audience as they sit or stand around him:—

'The bishop, who was discoursing so suavely and cheerfully with Mrs. Gilbert at the other end of the table; airing all his prancing little hobbies, Sunday schools, missionary work, church extension, and the like, before a select and admiring audience, and feeling that glow of benevolent satisfaction which is produced by a good dinner and a good digestion, was, indeed, the very essence of moderation. By moderation he had risen above the heads of many a cleverer man than himself, who held views too decided for A., or too liberal for B. He had never had any opinions in particular at which anybody could take offence; and indeed was a most estimable man—calm and bland, and as polite to the curate as to the rector. He was only a little bitter, inwardly, against dissenters and radicals, perhaps because he was a little afraid of them; though of course he was outwardly always the more ready to attend to their suggestions, and to try to put down any eruption of ritualism or broad churchism to which they might take objection. On the whole, I fancy he hated ritualism more than any other ism with which he had been brought in contact, because it seemed to him more subversive than any other, of the existing state of things.



'It was a grand and edifying sight to see him at his Diocesan conferences, imperturbably calm and cool, presiding over a wild, gesticulating mob of red hot Catholics and Protestants, the members of the high and low church parties in his diocese, who were battling for dear life in the arena below, because they felt—and surely not without reason—that two opposing religions could hardly go on much longer together in one church; and who were only kept from tearing each other in pieces by the cold and rigid impartiality of their Bishop, and by the dead-weight gravity of that large mass of country parsons, who have not yet been awakened out of their two-hundred years' sleep, by either of the great religious revivals. It may be a question, however, whether this impartiality was not the result of a sort of Pyrrhonic indifference, bred perhaps by the habit of standing on one leg in religious matters, which Dr. Newman says is the special vice of Anglicanism. A man who is in the custom of trying to reconcile black and white, may surely be pardoned if he begins at length to run one colour into the other, and to think that it does not matter after all.

Still "In Quest." Will the doctors help us? If they will, here is a fine specimen of their number before us—a Scotchman to boot—a right good hearty fellow. Hark! he is speaking:—

"Ah, and that tu quoque is pretty weel. But I don't hauld with your priesthood, ye'll ken, all the same. 'Tis we who rule the world after a' said and done; we doctors wi' lawncet and pill box. 'Conscience doth make cowards of us all,' quoth Shakspeare. I trow then conscience is in the liver, or in the small intestines. Tak' your sick sant, despairing of his sawl's salvation, because his liver does na' work, and your gleesome hearty sinner, fearing neither man nor de'il—for half the spiritual maladies of life ye'll ken are no spiritual at all, but temporal only—tak' your despairing sant, I say, and send him to us, and we'll een mak' him glad again, and set him at peace wi' conscience by the exhibition of a blue pill; and what can priest or prelate do more for a body than that?"

Somehow we begin to feel that this is but the brighter side of human nature, and so, turning to our guide, we bid him show us of that other side so attractive and yet so loathsome, so sad and yet so wearing us to care. Our mentor has become silent for a while, as if he felt the crushing weight of the experience he had himself made before us. Still we press on, and come at last upon a scene that would indeed make the angels weep: a mother scheming to sell her child—a female Judas willing to betray her very soul for gold. We sicken at the sight, and anxiously ask: 'Is there no help?' Then before us rise the gaunt pale features of him whom we met at the outset of our journey, and we hear his manly courageous voice say, 'This shall not be.' Still anxious, but relieved, our guide hurries us away, and plunges us into the depths of glorious old Wales! We see a scrambling little village of white-washed, slated cottages straggle down the hillside towards the pier. We see the river with its sweet interchange of amber-coloured pools and rippling shallows. We note the mountains with their fringe of oak and ashes. We hear the gushing of the water, the sharp scream of the hawk, or the lazy flapping of the heron as it moves down the winding reaches of the stream towards the sea. Surely we shall see nought of ill

here ! Alas for human nature. Behold there, four thousand feet above the sea, a man, the very model for earthly respectability, proposing an unlawful love to the invited guest of his wife, who, with her children, is walking on the strand below !

'It was, indeed, a glorious morning—one of those occasional days which March sometimes borrows from May—*avant couriers* of the glad summer-time, which, to people who have been splashing about in snow-broth sludge, and have been nipped and chilled by bleak nor'-westers and biting east winds at every turn for the last three months, are very grateful and cheering. Soft, fleecy, opaline clouds floated overhead in the soft grey sky, and melted away in tender rain over the long rolling lawn of distant fallow, blurring their outlines here and there on the horizon. And the sparse turnip-fields, whereon the ewes and lambs were folded, shone brilliantly green, like sheets of living emerald, against the dun background of rain clouds. Across the near landscape sunshine and shadow chased each other, like children at play. The air was alive with sound : the bleating of sheep and lambs, the hoarse cawing of the rooks—those most companionable of birds, who seemed to know that something was astir, and wheeled inquiringly over their nests in the cover. The lark hung self-poised in the air, a living point of passionate, trembling life and love, discoursing sweet music to his mate, who fluttered below, amidst the clods, their nesting place. The blackbird and the thrush felt the glad impulse of the spring, and darted from hedge to copse with their quick chuck, chuck, chuck. It seemed as if animal and insect life, frozen up for six months past, had begun at length to thaw. The duller vegetative life of the trees alone gave no signs of stirring yet ; for even the sap of the tasselled larch, so soon to stipple the umber woods with green, remained unresponsive to the gentle touch of the soft south-western breeze ; though, as if to make up for this, the southern hedge banks of the covert side were starred with anemone, paigle, and primrose ; and the air was fragrant with the sweet scent of violets.'

We begin to shudder at the overwhelming depravity of our human nature ; yet, while almost despairing, there comes along by the morning breeze the agonized cry of a heart-broken penitent watching by the dying bed of his firstborn : 'Oh, God, give the child back to its mother, and punish me as Thou wilt.' Have we found the truth, or must we go further 'In Quest,' or shall we find it at last here ? Here in this poor miserable tenement, here where one despised of men is fast travelling over the bridge that will bring him to the land of the great hereafter. See those strange weeping figures, lost women brought back to shame—fastness and modesty, as they rock themselves in all the agony of a passionate hysteric grief. Mark these wild-looking and dissolute men, shabby enough ; and yet all these have drawn from the eyes now glazing fast in death some consolation, some hope !

We turn to our guide. He has left us ! We wander home with a feeling at the heart of the greatness and littleness of humanity ; and then there dawns upon our inner consciousness the fact that after all 'our life is altogether different from what we think.'

JOHN C. FREUND.





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